

*Your dimes
did this
for me!*



THE GRAIL

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FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT - FOUNDER

JANUARY, 1946

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H. C. McGinnis

DIVORCES for the week: 125% of applications for marriage licenses. One week later, divorces for the week: 300% of applications for marriage licenses. This was the sad state of affairs announced by the papers of a large Eastern community a few weeks ago. These were not exactly freak days, for the 1944 record for this same community showed that the divorces granted amounted to one-third the number of marriages performed. Here's another 1944 record: the arrest of girls under 21 showed a 134% increase over those of 1941. During that year age 17 predominated as the age group of all persons arrested for crimes in the United States. Is there a connection between the abnormally high level of juvenile delinquency from which the nation suffers and its divorce rate?

Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI, says there is. Certainly no one in all the world is in a better position than Mr. Hoover to study causes and effects so far as crime is concerned. "The rising youth problem in crime stems directly from the home," says Mr. Hoover. "Every day we of the FBI see cases that are heartrending.

BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

Cause and Effect

The one thing that most juvenile offenders have in common is a lack of proper home training. This takes us back to fundamentals. There is no character-building that can take the place of a good home. The church alone cannot do the job. We must go back to the basic unit of society—the home. Things do not just happen: trees when they are being cut fall on their leaning side. The place of the family in American life cannot be substituted without undermining the nation's cornerstone. Homes that are blemished or broken by unstable parents, divorce, desertion, or other demoralizing conditions inevitably leave their imprint on children."

Since the FBI figures on crime and delinquency for 1945 are not yet published, let us glance at the 1944 figures. The story they tell is bad enough to suit even the most confirmed calamity-howler. During 1944 the crime trends were generally upward. All offenses except robberies and larceny showed increases over 1943. Crimes against the person showed an upward swing of 10%. Murders increased 3.8% and negligent manslaughters, 10.3%. Aggravated assaults, which includes attempts to kill, increased 12%, while forcible rapes increased 12.3%. Rape has increased so steadily in recent years that the 1944 figure was 27% higher than the 1939-41 average. Thefts of property valued at more than \$50 increased 22.9%.

The above figures cover crimes committed by all age groups. The crimes committed by youngsters 18 years old and younger perhaps indicate crime's upward swing still more. Children under 15 years of age committed 24 criminal homicides; 48 robberies; 45 assaults; 1,072 cases of breaking and entering; 812 cases of theft over \$50, excluding auto theft, embezzlement, forgery, and worthless checks. They

stole 307 autos and committed 20 acts of arson. Believe it or not, 32 youngsters under 15 were arrested for forgery and counterfeiting, while 27 were arrested for rape. 78 were arrested for disorderly conduct and 17 for drunkenness—in this connection it must be remembered that many offenses of this type, when committed by youngsters, are not reported to the FBI and that these are FBI statistics. Of the 15 year old youngsters arrested, 28 were arrested for criminal homicide; 76 for robbery; 90 for assault; 851 for breaking and entering; 752 for theft, excluding auto theft, etc; 531 for auto theft; 25 for embezzlement and fraud; 13 for arson; 46 for forgery and counterfeiting; and 71 for drunkenness. All in all, 4,190 arrests of children under 15 were reported to the FBI in 1944 and 4,553 children of 15 years. In the 16 year old group the figure climbs to 14,194 and the number of arrests of 17 year old reported to the FBI amounted to 23,753. The breaking down of this latter figure into various crime classifications is most revealing, but it would be shocking for you to read. Suffice it to say that 135 arrests in this age group were reported to the FBI for criminal homicide; 889 for robbery; 3,919 for larceny excluding auto theft, etc; 2,141 for auto theft; 214 for forgery and counterfeiting; 452 for rape; and 841 for drunkenness. This shocking record of our youngsters' behavior is followed closely by ages 18, 19, 21, and 22 in the order named. Of the 1944 record of arrests filed with the FBI, 49.3% represented persons who had fingerprint arrest records on file with the FBI. Another startling figure is the 40.4% increase in the theft of auto accessories which the 1944 figures show over 1943. During the war, when such articles were difficult to obtain through legitimate channels, auto accessories

had a high turn-over value. America's criminal-minded youngsters were not slow to recognize this.

While arrests of males in 1944 decreased 1.5% from the 1943 figure, the arrests of females, the future mothers of America, increased 5.7%. Compared with the 1943 figures, females arrested for robbery in 1944 showed an 8% increase. Those arrested for assault showed an increase of 14.7%; for burglary, 10.4%; for larceny, 8.1%; for auto theft, 36.3%; for driving while intoxicated, 14.8%; for disorderly conduct, 19.6%; for drunkenness, 10.4%. The 1944 arrests of females show an increase of 117.8% over the 1941 figure, while the arrests of males show 18.8%. The 1944 arrests of persons under 21 for serious crimes amounted to 40.1% of the total.

THE DIVORCE

WITH a survey of 30 large cities showing one divorce for every two marriages during the first ten months of 1945, the problem of juvenile crime does not promise to show any immediate improvement. Worse yet, the peak in the divorce rate seems to be still in the future. American home life is taking a terrific pounding. Yet Mr. Hoover, the nation's foremost expert on causes of crime warns the nation that "The home is still the basis of our social order, and the nation will never be any stronger than the home."

While the matter of juvenile delinquency has most serious spiritual and moral implications, it also has political ones. The FBI chief, in a public address made some months ago, stated that American Communists see in our juvenile delinquency an opportunity for further infiltration. Children without religious and moral training are easy marks for indoctrination with Communism's paganism. Since juvenile delinquency plays directly into Communism's hands, American Reds spread the doctrine, Mr. Hoover says, "that the responsibility for the rise in juvenile delinquency must be placed elsewhere than upon the family in general." Let us not be deceived by this propaganda. The

responsibility rests squarely on the American home. The concept of the home's duty as held by our forefathers has been too widely discarded during the past two decades.

In 1944 an average of 157 serious crimes were committed every hour of the day throughout the year. This constitutes a horrible record, especially when we realize the high percentage of these crimes which were committed by youngsters under 21. "This tragic condition," says Mr. Hoover, "is due to a lack of conscience, which in turn comes from a lack of religious training. There is a necessary connection between crime and the decline of faith and religious practice. When men do not know God and His justice, they do not respect His laws. The way to make America safe from crime, the way to make her people moral, is a return to religion. Religion is a necessary factor in a healthy and well-ordered society." There is a very definite connection between our soaring crime rate and the fact that more than one half of the American nation is unchurched.

This nation recently went all-out to repel a threat to our national safety from without the country. The devotion which the vast majority of Americans showed in their nation's defense was nothing short of marvelous. Yet a nation can be destroyed as utterly from within as from without. For some reason, far too many Americans fail to realize this highly important fact. That the danger threatening us from within is very genuine is attested to by the glee with which American Reds view our increasing juvenile delinquency and our mounting divorce rate. Communism can never take over a nation which practices religion and morality. When a people become amoral, Communism's doctrines find fertile soil. Since man's dignity comes from God, forgetting God means sooner or later forgetting man's dignity.

Many people believe that the decline of American home life and the consequent results are due to wartime conditions and will soon pass. While it appears true that many current divorces are due to hasty

wartime marriages, many others break up homes of long standing. Recently the writer examined one day's divorces granted in a nearby community. Of the 34 cases examined, one divorce ended a marriage of five months, while two others ended marriages of nine months. But six other divorces ended marriages of sixteen years, four months; sixteen years; thirty-one years, ten months; twenty-five years; twenty-six years, four months; and seventeen years, five months. Only about 9% of the divorces granted on that day could be said to have terminated wartime romances. When homes which have existed for sixteen to thirty-one years are broken up by divorce, a serious social malady has attacked the nation.

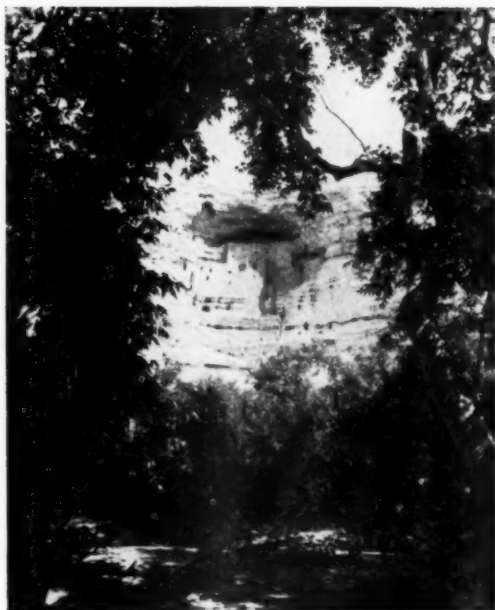
Director Hoover urges a return to religion as the remedy. Years ago, Washington solemnly warned in his Farewell Address that national well-being cannot exist in the absence of morality and that proper morality depends upon an acceptance of the religious principle. Today Washington's advice needs to be made more specific. In his day, practically all the religions practiced in this country vigorously condemned divorce. As late as 1870, only 4/1000% of every block of 100,000 married persons ended their marriage by the divorce route. But today, very few of the churches calling themselves Christian teach the sacredness of marriage, the sanctity of the home, the duties and responsibilities of parents. Their clergymen, when reading the marriage service, repeat the injunction "What God has joined together, let not man put asunder," even when both parties standing before them are divorcees, sometimes several times over. Religion is the true answer to the current degradation of the American home, but it must be God's own religion as He gave it, not a devitalized brand which passes over divine commands with the speed of a paycar passing a tramp. The immorality which rages over our nation today, among youngsters as well as adults, finds its source in the wrong conception of marriage and parenthood.

CLIFF DWELLERS *of* NORTH AMERICA

Anna E. Dickerman

THE first American skyscraper was not built in recent times in one of our large cities. On the contrary it was occupied hundreds of years ago by one of the many unknown races which peopled the area of what is now the United States.

We have known, sometimes to our confusion, what it means to accustom ourselves to new habits when the clock is set back one hour, but when an archaeologist makes a fresh discovery, the hands of the clock of Time are turned back across the ages.

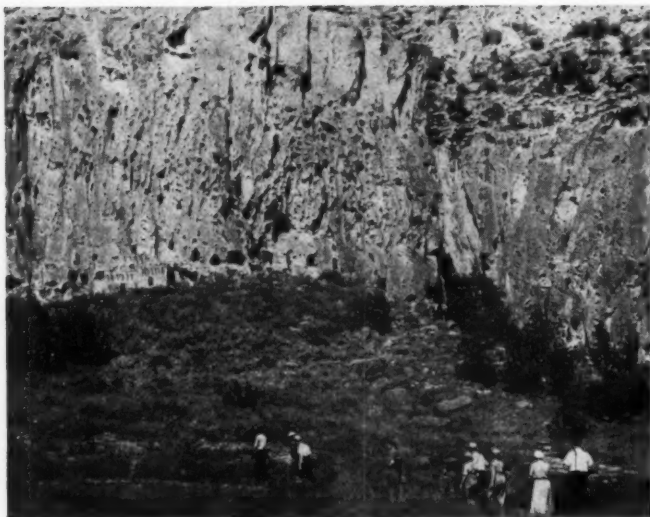


Montezuma Castle National Park, Arizona. This castle of twenty rooms, five stories high, seventy feet wide and forty-six feet from the bottom of the cliff, is believed to have been built at least a thousand years ago.

Tuzigoot Ruin is situated on a ridge 120 feet above the Verde River near Clarkdale, Arizona. The building began about 1000 A.D., and shows evidence of a sudden boom in 1300 A.D. It was abandoned around 1400. There are 86 ground floor rooms excavated.

Santa Fe Railway Photo.

IT is certain that the human race has lived on this continent for at least twenty-five-thousand years, and perhaps that number multiplied several times. Every section of the country bears witness to this fact. The flint quarries in the Hudson valley of New York State; the remains in a Virginia cavern of the first campfire on the eastern seaboard; the perfectly formed and colossal earthworks representing men, animals, serpents and circles made by the mysterious ancient Mound Builders; the picture writings on rocks the country over; the huge stone heads found deeply imbedded in gravel pits in Texas; the skeleton of a girl in the glacial silts of a lake which existed in Minnesota, eighteen thousand years ago; the charred sandals found in the pumice



Bandelier National Monument is located on the Pajarito Plateau in the Canyon and mesa country of northern New Mexico, twenty miles west of Santa Fe. Cliff ruins extend along the base of the northern wall of Frijoles Canyon for approximately two miles. These dwellings were occupied by Pueblo Indians from around 1200 A.D. to 1600 A.D. In the lower left hand corner of the cliff some of the ruins are visible.

Santa Fe Railway Photo.

spot, far off the beaten path of tourists.

The plateau is not level. It can best be described as a series of platforms or terraces enclosed by sheer cliff walls which in turn are rimmed by towering peaks. The Colorado, Rio Grande, and Gila-Salt river systems have carved the soft limestone with numberless canyons and gorges. Here, the ruins of the cliff dwellings are found, some of them built on ledges

of a volcano which was once in eruption in Oregon; the artifacts of early man in association with the bones of animals long extinct; all these are mute reminders that the Indians even of Columbus's day were as recent as yesterday.

The nimble-footed cliff dwellers are perhaps the most interesting of the early peoples. Only the fear of enemies, human or animal, must have prompted them to make their homes high in the cliffs, and if the former, it is hard to understand why there was danger of attack when the foe had vast, undisputed territory in which to roam, to fish, and to hunt.

The lofty plateau six thousand feet high and more, comprising parts of the States of Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico, was the site of the cliff dwellings. There is only one point in the United States where the boundaries of four States meet and they are the four mentioned. This point, however, is in a remote and inaccessible

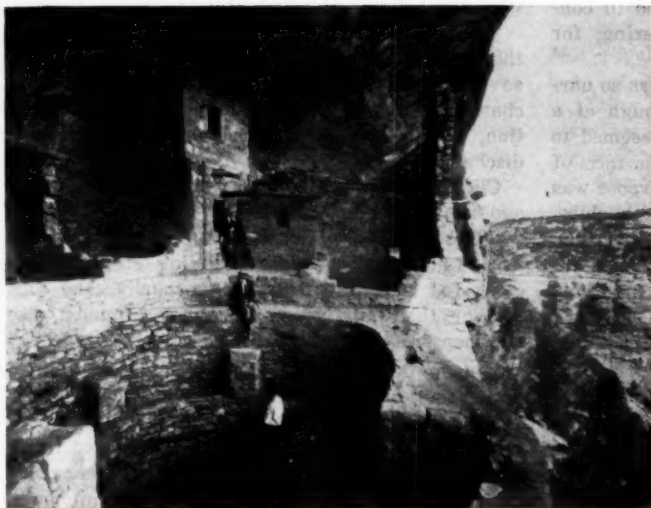
or in deep recesses in the cliffs; others in artificial caves laboriously hewn out with stone tools. In many instances the roofs are formed by overhanging rocks.

The larger dwellings were occupied by hundreds of people. Rooms were added as needed. The rooms were of stone and adobe construction. Beams forming lintels, ceilings and roofs not provided by rocks, are still in place. These great timbers were cut on mountain sides and floated down the nearest



The Puye Cliff Ruins are situated on a high mesa eleven miles from Espanola, New Mexico. On top of the mesa are extensive cliff dwellings and apartment type dwellings. There are 100 rooms in the apartment pictured here.

Santa Fe Railway Photo.



Balcony House Ruins, Mesa Verde National Park. Santa Fe Railway Photo.

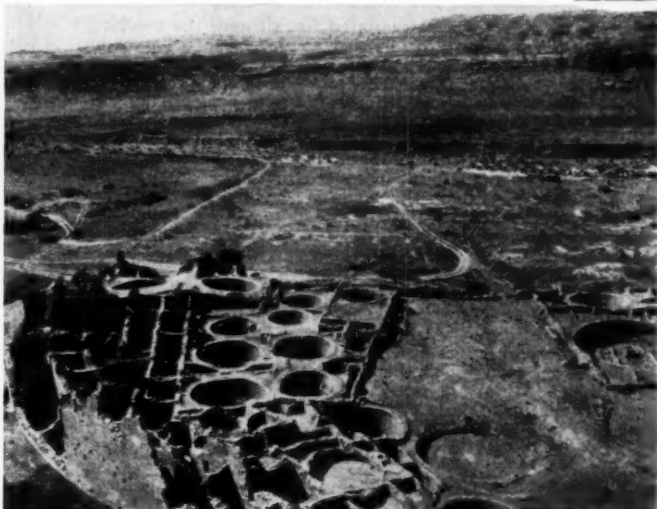
Canyon de Chelly National Monument is a series of awesome chasms slashing a mountain range in Arizona. The sheer walls rise from 800 to 1000 feet. Throughout their length are scores of huge cliff dwellings. Some are so high that it is a puzzle how entrance was made.

Santa Fe Railway Photo.



ledges, and can be reached only by ladders.

The Casa Grande ruins which are world famed, are now a national monument. They are 57 miles south of Phoenix. Casa Grande was once an immense walled city. A central building was apparently used both as a dwelling and a fort. It has thick adobe walls and fortunately some of its many rooms are partially or wholly intact. It has been



East wing of Pueblo Bonita in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, showing the many kivas in which the ancients held their ceremonials and religious rites. Built with crude stone tools, these walls are hard to match with modern conveniences for building.

Santa Fe Railway Photo.

roofed over with steel and glass anchored in concrete, so as to preserve it from weathering, for generations to come.

When first discovered, the small doorways so narrow that only one person can pass through at a time, and only then bent almost double, seemed to indicate that it had been designed for a race of pygmies, but it is now evident that its purpose was to prevent attack. A few men armed with clubs, standing inside the doorway could have held the fort against all comers. The Casa Grande people are thought to have been peace loving, devoting their time to agricultural pursuits. They raised corn, beans and other food crops and grew cotton in the rich soil of the river valleys.

The irrigation system of the cliff dwellers would do credit to modern engineers. Water was stored in huge pottery jars.

There are Casa Grande mysteries which may never be made clear. For instance, a design on an inner wall is almost an exact likeness of the maze in the legend of the Island of Crete. An arrangement of holes may have been made to show that when the sun was in line with the holes in the Spring, it was time to plant; and when in line

with the holes in the Fall, it was time to harvest.

The holes are now somewhat out of line with the course of the sun, proof that they were made so long ago that astronomical time has slightly changed. Other holes may have been for ventilation, or as loopholes from which arrows were discharged.

Cliff dwellings occupied possibly a thousand years ago are on the shores of the great lake formed by Roosevelt Dam. Mealing bins are still outlined in the floors. There are grinding stones which converted corn into flour. Occasionally corn cobs smaller than any grown today are found; also fragments of well woven cotton cloth.

Canyon de Chelly national monument is lined with sheer walls of rock from 800 to 1,000 feet high, dotted with scores of cliff dwellings. It would seem that only acrobats could have inhabited them. The cliff dwellers must have had superb muscular development and been free from heart ailments. The height of the dwellings is all that has saved them from vandalism. People have been seen to push down a wall near ground level for no other reason than to gratify that destructive tendency which is so much of a problem of our day.



GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.

FRAMED FOREVER



C

HRISTIAN art has perpetuated for all ages the touching service rendered by Veronica to the cross-laden Savior on His way to Calvary. According to tradition her name was originally Serapia or Bernice, and she is thought to have been the same woman whom Jesus cured of a hemorrhage (St. Matt. 9:20). The memory of this great benefit never left her. When she beheld her Benefactor in such misery on the way to His death, she pressed through the crowd and offered Him her veil with which to wipe His Face, covered with blood and spittle. Christ did as she desired. But when He handed the cloth back to her it bore the imprint of His sacred features. From that time on she was known as Veronica, a name formed from a Latin word meaning "true," and a Greek word meaning "image." She is said to have died at the advanced age of a hundred years, truly "full of days, and (heavenly) riches, and glory" (I Par. 29:28).

Veronica has passed from earth to her eternal reward—the seeing of her Redeemer face to Face. But the living image of Jesus is framed forever in the suffering members of His mystical body. There we can see it with the eye of faith. Our soul is the spotless veil made to receive this image. If we take the sufferings of others into our soul it will by degrees receive the imprint of His pain-racked Face, we shall form in us the image of the crucified Savior. The clearness of that imprint will be the degree of our personal perfection and future glory. But the exposure of self to suffering must be made daily during the whole time of our earthly life.

"Look on the face of thy Christ,"
Ps. 83:10.

Very beautiful jewelry and pottery have been removed from this area for safe keeping. On some of the smooth faces of the cliffs in the vicinity, paintings hundreds of feet in extent have been done by prehistoric artists. An outstanding painting of a later day, although more than three hundred years old, shows an Indian conception of the arrival of the Spanish conquistadores. All are on horseback and all are armed with guns or lances or spears, except the black-garbed priest riding in the center.

Betatakin, included in the Navajo national monument, is a cliff dwelling of 123 rooms, set in a magnificently arched cave, 370 feet wide, 135 feet deep, and 435 feet high. Several reed flutes have been found in these ruins, together with pottery showing a black design on a white background.

Often the richest finds are made in the smaller dwellings.

Kinishba or Brown House, was one of the largest apartment houses of all time. It contained seven hundred rooms and was at the crossroads of an ancient trading center. A soapstone lip plug upturned during excavating, is similar to those worn by the Aztecs and probably reached the Brown House through a succession of trades. It is a tiny carved ornament, flattened to rest against the lower gum of the wearer, with a small knob in the center to slip through an incision made just below the lower lip. Here, too, was found a necklace of 3,366 perfectly rounded, red, and black, stone beads, with which tiny spiral shells were interspersed. In the center hung a pear shaped pendant of turquoise. When this necklace was re-strung it measured nine feet in length.

Several skeletons in a good state of preservation were removed from beneath some of the room floors.

Southwestern Colorado has a cliff dwellers' city, known as the Mesa Verde National Park. Its plateau rises to 8,400 feet, and although from a distance it looks like a solid mass of rock, it is honeycombed with caves of all sizes, the smaller ones having been used for storage. Some rooms were set aside for womens' occupations, as weaving and pottery making, and there were peepholes so that the workers could glance up from their tasks and see what was going on in the courtyards, outside. Deposits of guano in the open spaces at the back of the dwellings show that the Colorado cliff dwellers had domesticated turkeys.

In most of the cliff dwellings wherever found, the walls are blackened from smoke, and there are traces of fires over which cooking was done. In the masonry work, imprints of hands are visible

where the ancient builders smoothed the adobe as the walls rose tier by tier.

A peculiar feature of the cliff homes was the kiva set apart for men only. In the parlance of our day they would be called council chambers. The kivas were circular rooms built underground, resembling a wide, but shallow well. They averaged six feet in depth and fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. Sometimes a tunnel connected a kiva with a room in the main dwelling but the usual way of descent was through a hole in the roof. In the center of each kiva was a fire pit and a low bench was built around the walls. All the kivas are now roofless.

Space forbids mention of other important cliff dwellings, but this general description applies. Why the dwellings were abandoned, no one can more than guess. Many theories have been advanced, but it is strange to say the least, that thousands of intelligent people living over a wide region, should have so completely disappeared that there is no reference to them even in Indian lore.

To many people, archaeology is a word with a forbidding sound. The study is so fascinating, however, that let one merely scratch the surface, and like quicksand, he will be drawn into it so deeply that he will not be able to extricate himself. A ten-year-old Brooklyn Girl Scout became absorbed in it and made one of the most important finds on the continent. Years ago, a San Francisco bookseller, H. H. Bancroft, wondered when and by whom North America was first inhabited. He visited a number of libraries which could give but little information. He determined that he would search the world over for anything that would enlighten him. He came into possession of three thousand volumes from the personal library of the ill-fated emperor Maximilian. He spent two years of research in Europe. He employed a corps of assistants but claimed that if the work of collecting and compiling all the material were undertaken by one man alone, it would take not less than sixty years. He finally accumulated sixteen thousand books, manuscripts and pamphlets, exclusive of newspaper articles and maps, and a card index enabled him to read at a glance all the references under any subject. With the aid of this tremendous compilation he wrote five bulky volumes on *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America*. He died before most of the important cliff dwellings with their priceless treasures had been discovered. It was his conviction that the first North Americans came over a land bridge from Asia, when geographical and climatic conditions were far different than they are today.



BETHLEHEM TODAY

—Philip Gendreau

"And She Laid Him in a Manger"

Terence J. Fitzsimons, S.J.

WHILE St. Paul was a prisoner in Cæsarea of Palestine (58-60 A.D.), St. Luke had two years in which to go about Judea and Galilee questioning his "eyewitnesses," sifting fact from story, composing for his "most excellent Theophilus an orderly account" of the words and works of the Messiah. He was just the man to do that. It was his analytical physician's mind and his sober Greek temperament that produced this terse, straight-forward account of the Savior's birth:

"And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

In fifteen Greek words St. Luke told of the most important thing that ever happened in this world, adding an explanation that would for all time exonerate the Bethlehemites of blame for the circumstances of the birth. Perhaps in so doing he revealed his witness to this event as possessed of a feminine understanding that could readily make excuses for conditions brought on by the Roman census. Certainly a crowded inn was no place for a child to be born.

At any rate, it is small wonder that the minds of men have been fascinated by St. Luke's stark

tale of the birth of Him Who was the expectation and the hope of ages. It is the way of men to want details, flesh for the skeleton. For the believer details nourish the limitations of his faith and the weakness of his love; for the unbeliever they bolster his disbelief, or gratify his curiosity.

"And she laid Him in a manger"... Men of every age and class and distinction have striven to comprehend the simplicity of these words. Artists in endless line have worried their imaginations and wrestled with their genius to express in color and sound what they saw happening that night so long ago. And the product, of course, is as varied as the minds of the men themselves, their race, their age, their environment. It is rich experience thus to imagine, but perhaps more meaningful for earthy human beings are actual details on which to focus their thoughts. For our Lord was born on earth, in a particular place and under definite circumstances.

OUR LORD WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM

MORE certain than anything else is the fact that God was born man in Judean Bethlehem, where king David was born and ruled, where Ruth gleaned the fields of Booz and became his

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wife and the mother of Obed, grandfather of David. Here, rightly or wrongly, were venerated the tombs of Jesse, David and Solomon. Here Jacob was said to have pitched his tent near his flocks and here his favorite wife, Rachel, was believed to lie buried. But, most of all, here in Bethlehem, "little to be reckoned among the 'thousands' of Juda," the Messiah was born.

Bethlehem is situated on two hills. On the northern hill sprawled the old city that David defended against the Philistines. The present city of Beit-Lahm is clustered around the site of the Nativity on the summit of the southern hill. One of the remarkable things about the history of Christ's nativity is the fact that no other place on earth has ever claimed to be the scene of this momentous event. To be sure, both Sts. Matthew and Luke and the prophets before them pointed unhesitatingly to Bethlehem as the birthplace of the Messiah. But within the city itself one would expect to find rival locations to the traditional one. One wonders whether St. Luke's account was so definite in the eyes of the Bethlehemites that only one spot could fit the description. Perhaps the place with the manger was as unmistakable for everyone in Bethlehem as it was for the shepherds, to whom the angels gave the sign of the swaddling clothes and the manger and who immediately found the child, before anyone in the city was aware of His birth.

Whatever the explanation of this singular constancy of tradition, since the fourth century the spot has been marked by the Church of the Nativity. Eusebius tells us that in the year 326 Constantine, at the behest of St. Helena, built a church over the place of the nativity. And Constantine can hardly be imagined to have expended a fortune without having first satisfied himself about the claims of tradition.

The church of the Nativity is situated on the northern slope of a hill. The church itself runs east-west along the flank of this hill. The soft chalky limestone beneath the church is honeycombed with grottoes, of the Nativity, of St. Joseph, of the Holy Innocents, of Sts. Paula and Eustochium and of St. Jerome, besides an uncounted number of burial vaults. All, except that of the Nativity, represent later excavations.

OUR LORD WAS BORN IN A CAVE

IT is quite clear that the grotto as it now is represents a cave. Certainly it is not a stable in the sense of a building. "The stone was cut out

of the mountain without hands." Eusebius of Caesarea tells us that the place over which Constantine built the Church of the Nativity was a cave. The pilgrim Silvia reported that in the fourth century elaborate ceremonies were held on January 6th in the church, "in which church is the cave where the Lord was born." So clear is St. Jerome in his references to the cave that he can be said to be representative of the opinion of Christians since the founding of the Church. Before him, in the first half of the third century, Origen, who lived for a time in Palestine, argued that the place in Bethlehem is so definite that that fact alone would prove Our Lord's birth there. And this place, he says, is a cave. A century earlier, St. Justin Martyr, who was born in Nablus (some 40-50 miles north of Bethlehem) around the year 100, found it necessary to defend Christ's birth in a cave against those who claimed that this belief derived from the Mithras mysteries. But perhaps our clearest evidence that it was a cave that was considered the birthplace of Our Lord is the fact recorded by St. Jerome that for a hundred and eighty years the grotto of the Nativity had been profaned by the cult of Adonis: "Our Bethlehem, the most august spot in the universe, was overshadowed by a wood consecrated to Thamuz, that is to say, to Adonis, and in the grotto which had heard the tender wailings of the Infant Christ, men bemoaned the 'beloved of Venus.'" This was under Hadrian in the year 137. The importance of this is that it not only marked the cave definitely as the place where Christ was believed to have been born, but it also preserved that site for almost two centuries. The apocryphal writings which speak of Our Lord's birth in a cave have this meaning, that they reflect a wide-spread tradition, at least from the end of the second century. Hence, the modern writer who calls all those who adhere to the cave tradition a lot of "troglodytes" is hardly justified.

Central Palestine is hilly country. Beneath the surface, is found limestone of a peculiar pliancy. It is not strange, then, to find that the landscape is dotted with caves, natural and artificial. These the Palestinians make use of as permanent dwelling-places or as temporary shelters for themselves or smaller animals. Often humans and animals will share the same cave. When this happens, the animals usually have their station near the mouth of the cave, where a manger of some sort is provided for feeding, while the family lives on a sort of raised terrace towards the rear.

Such an arrangement would be impossible in the cave of Bethlehem as it now exists. The cave is on the northern flank of a hill, so it must originally have opened towards the north. In the present arrangement this would mean that one would first enter the Grotto of the Nativity proper and that the animals would be stabled in the inner cave, the Grotto of the Manger. However, the floor of this is some 2-3 feet below that of the other.

Two solutions of the difficulty are possible. One is that the Grotto of the Manger originally extended much further to the north, its floor at its present level reaching all the way to the mouth of the cave. In this theory, the present Grotto of the Nativity then becomes a recess within the cave itself, the raised terrace for the use of men. However, in this connection it may be significant that no writer before the seventh century ever mentions a double grotto. Justin, Origen, Eusebius, Jerome, the Pilgrim of Bordeaux, Silvia and Antoninus all mention *one* cave, in which was the manger. The second hypothesis sees in the Grotto of the Nativity a later addition entirely, perhaps made necessary for architectural reasons, perhaps due to a desire to connect the other grottoes under the church with the cave of the nativity. The difference between the two theories is immaterial. Both see the original cave as small, shallow and opening on the hillside.

The Grotto of the Manger at present is about nine feet square. The rock can still be seen, except on the northern side, which fact seems to indicate that this side was originally open. One writer estimates that the cave as it was when Christ was born was of the same height and width as it is now, but that it extended 13-14 feet towards the north. Since the cave lay directly under the transept of the church, it is easily seen that supports in the form of ceilings and walls would be necessary in the front part. At present a road curves over the northern slope of the mountain somewhat lower down. It is not difficult to suppose that nineteen centuries ago when there was no church there, a path sloped over the hill further up, past the mouth of the cave. St. Justin says that St. Joseph was originally from Bethlehem, so he might have known of the existence of the cave beforehand.

OUR LORD WAS LAID IN A MANGER

IN the western wall of the Grotto of the Manger a niche three feet wide and one foot deep has been carved out of the wall. This niche, beginning

a few feet from the ceiling of the cave, reaches almost to the floor. The block of the wall that is thus left is now protected with marble in such a way as to give the impression that it covers a scooped-out hollow. This is pointed out as the manger where Christ was laid.

We know that at one time it was believed that Our Lord was laid directly on this rock, pillowed with a cloak, or, as tradition has it, with straw. Pieces of the rock itself were chipped off as relics. In the Middle Ages the rock was concealed by a marble slab in which were three holes through which the stone could be kissed.

Was this rocky shelf the place where Mary laid her new-born Child? Or was there something more to the manger than St. Luke had in mind than a hollowed-out space in the rock? The matter is not easily decided. In Palestine today, stabled animals are usually fed from a flat trough made of straw or stones mixed with mud. Mangers made by hollowing out the wall are rare today, but they may well have been more common in the time of Our Lord. One such, dating from around the year 200 B.C., has been found at Arak el-Emir. At any rate, the manger where Christ was born seems to have been distinctive, for it is used by the angels to direct the shepherds to the cave. And from the nature of early references to the manger in Bethlehem, it would seem that in the minds of the writers it was a permanent fixture in the cave.

In a sermon delivered at Bethlehem one Christmas night, St. Jerome confessed himself saddened by the fact that even in his time a manger of gold and silver had been substituted for the original one of mud. It would be easy for Jerome in 350 to have found out what the Bethlehemites thought the manger was like before the costly casing was added with the building of the church in 326. He seems to have envisioned the manger as the rocky step that we have now, with the dried clay on top forming the hollow that would receive the food for the animals. Vincent and Abel, who have investigated the matter thoroughly, are certain that up to the time of Constantine it was this superstructure of mud that was venerated as the manger. Since this has disappeared, all we have left is the rock on which the crib of mud was set. In 570 the gold and silver manger was seen by Antoninus, but it is difficult to know whether this was the one put in the grotto by St. Helena, or another, supplied by the emperor Justinian, when in 531 he repaired the damage done during the Saracen revolt. Bethlehem has had a stormy history. It is improbable

that any costly reliquary could survive the depredations of Persians, Turks and Moslems for almost two thousand years. In 1157 "the manger where the Savior was laid" was said to be in a church in Constantinople. A whole century before that, however, it was believed that the true manger had been taken to Rome.

"La santa culla," as the Romans affectionately call the crib, is in St. Mary Major and consists in five small boards encased in an elaborate six-foot-high repository. It is carried around the church in procession on Christmas eve and on Christmas day is exposed on the high altar. The papal altar over the crib is the station for the first mass on Christmas. Until rather recently, it was thought that this relic had been brought to Rome as early as the time of Pope Theodorus I (640-649), himself a Palestinian, for it was then that the Liberian basilica began to become known as the Church of Our Lady at the Manger. This fact, however, is now explained by the fact that it was then that some chips from the rocky manger in Bethlehem were put in the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, one of the two papal altars in the basilica.

Certain it is, though, that for at least nine centuries this ancient relic has been venerated by saints, popes and faithful alike. This fact must remain the strongest argument in favor of its genuinity, until satisfactory evidence, which will give us an answer one way or the other, is available. In this connection, one writer cites the faith of such saints as Ignatius of Loyola, who on Christmas night 1538, after eighteen months preparation, said his first mass at the crib, and Cajetan, who received the Infant Jesus in his arms while praying before it.

Another writer has the curious theory that this crib is not the manger of the Nativity at all, but the cradle in which Our Lord was carried during the flight into Egypt. A third concedes that the

original manger was of stone, but claims that the relic at Rome was part of a support for the actual manger. A fourth regards it as a fiction of the Middle Ages, when relics of the Infancy and Passion suddenly began to multiply. In the face of this variety of opinion, written records to solve the problem are entirely lacking. Such records, if they ever existed, might understandably have perished in the course of nine centuries. One wonders, though, that none of the early writers makes mention of a wooden crib in connection with the manger at Bethlehem.

The story of the odyssey of such a fragile thing as a wooden manger through a thousand years would make fascinating reading. It would tell why the manger was not in the church when Jerome lived there, nor even when the church was built; why it wasn't commonly known in Bethlehem at that time that it even existed. It would explain how it had been taken into safekeeping before the fanatical Hadrian came with his pagan mysteries to desecrate the grotto where Christ was born. How would such a history account for the fact that Justin, before Hadrian, and Origen, after him, speak of the manger as if they expected it to be still in the cave? Then there would be the intriguing question of how the hiding-place of the manger could be so well known that it would not be lost track of for thirty generations, and at the same time so secret that the relic itself would escape the ravages of enemies, human carelessness and, even, the inevitable souvenir and relic-hunter.

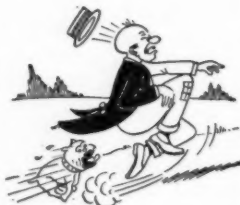
Perhaps some day the claims of the wooden crib will be completely vindicated. In the meantime, we have the stone manger in the Bethlehem cave, venerable at least from association with the true place where Christ was laid. Long ago St. Jerome expressed these sentiments: "That manger, where the Infant wailed, should be honored rather with silence, than with the faintest speech."





Give and Take

THE GRAIL will pay five dollars for each letter published in this department. It is our "Open Forum" for our readers and all are invited to express their ideas, whether in conformity with or in divergence to those in the articles of The Grail. The letters must in some way comment on the articles in the magazine.



OUR COLORED FOLKS AGAIN

"Give and Take"

THE GRAIL

St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Dear Reverend Editor:

The September 1945 issue of THE GRAIL having been the first I have ever had the pleasure of reading, I am not familiar with the article to which Mr. F. Norman Joy refers in his letter.

However, I was pleased to read his letter. He is to be commended. It is a regrettable fact that more persons do not feel and express the attitude of Mr. Joy.

I entirely agree that we do have amply as much a "White Problem" as we have a so-called "Negro Problem."

Though I was born and raised in a Northern community where there is no Negro population, I have in later years been in close contact with the colored race.

Because I am an inmate of a Penal Institution, my voice is feeble, and I have little right to speak; but from experience gained through being an Academic Instructor in the Educational Division of said institution I feel I have some right to speak. The classes are comprised largely of Negroes. Close contact has brought about some knowledge of the Inner Negro, his ambitions and desires.

As Mr. Joy says, the problem of prejudice is not one that has sprung up over-night ... Nor will it be

eliminated over-night. It has risen through generations, and will be eliminated only through more generations.

There are a few organizations that strive toward harmony between races. Some time ago an issue of "LOOK" magazine carried an article and series of pictures on prejudices, one part of which advocated more colored teachers for white children and vice versa. Therein lies potentially a powerful weapon in combating a disastrous situation.

Sincerely yours,

Al. Mulholland
Jackson, Michigan.

GANGSTER MOVIES

The Editor
Give and Take
THE GRAIL.

Dear Sir:

Matilda Rose McLaren, in her article; Radio, Reading, Reels, appearing in the November GRAIL states: "As church people and P.T.A.'ers we've done much to clean up the gangster and more lurid sex pictures."

Yet actually, what has been accomplished as far as crime pictures are concerned?

Movies as we all know, run in cycles, and at the present time we are at the low ebb of crime pictures. The cycle when completed, will once more give us a harvest of gangster stories.

The gravest moral threat to our

children and adolescents, in pictures of crime, is not the amount of crime that is committed, or the quantity of blood that is spilled in any one picture; but the fact that the villain, no matter how depraved, is always a popular movie star. And a popular movie star is, in the eyes of the younger generation, a hero, regardless of the part that he plays.

It is true that in these pictures "crime does not pay" but the villain is always painted with so much romanticism and adventure, the fact that crime does not pay, is of secondary importance. Thus he makes the "hero" who overcomes the wrong, appear like a second rate nonentity. This is further stressed by the fact that this hero is invariably played by some unknown in the movie world. It is a stereotyped Hollywood formula.

Compare this type of picture with the average "western" or "cowboy" movie, ninety percent of which make suitable entertainment for the average young American. Suitable entertainment, for the simple reason here the formula is reversed. Here the villain is an unknown player, and the hero who rescues the maiden, or saves the homestead, the oil wells, or finds the stolen cattle, is a popular movie star.

And as I stated before, a movie idol is a hero to his audience, regardless of the part he plays.

Until the church, the schools, civic organizations and other socially minded groups, bring pressure to bear upon Hollywood, through suitable and effective propaganda to change the accepted formula of the typical gangster movie; this type of picture will continue to have the same demoralizing influence on the younger generation.

Yours truly

Frederic Norman Joy.
Gary, Ind.

TRIBUTE TO JACK KEARNS

Dear Editor:

Today I received the November issue of THE GRAIL and hastily turning the pages, my attention was arrested by *The Singer of the Song* from the facile pen of Jack Kearns.

Immediately I began to read, and

when I had finished, I immediately read it again. Then I read it a third time.

Thank you for giving space to this lovely literary masterpiece! I wish it may be printed in pamphlet form for distribution to each high school in the nation to be studied intensively. It surely will live as long as literature lasts. I hope it becomes a "required reading" in schools everywhere. None but a master mind can produce so beautiful a poem.

The story of Bernadette has charmed me since childhood days. I have read it many times and was very much interested in Franz Werfel's *Song of Bernadette*, reading it three times. I saw the premiere screen play and went again to see the picture a few months later. I knew the story so well that I anticipated the scenes before they were flashed on the screen. The story behind the story—Werfel's reason for writing it—fascinated me. I read his *Embezzled Heaven*. When I heard that Werfel had died, I felt almost a personal loss.

Thank you, Jack Kearns, for a most worthy contribution to the world's best literature. May we hear often from your gifted pen.

Most sincerely,

Mrs. R. J. Hering
Royal, Neb.

Dear Editor:

It is with much diffidence that I approach the altar of the Muse, and I probably would not do so at all except that I was made unhappy by what I thought was an unjust rebuke to Jack Kearns on his noble effort to impart to us the trick of obtaining divine fire. To me it was screamingly funny. It emphasized an oft quoted line "more truth than poetry." If poetry can't stand a mild jab like that, what would happen if all were told?

Not all poetry, so-called, makes sense. For instance read "The Ride from Ghent to Aix," or "How They Carried the Good News." It is hard for me to forgive Browning for that. As a young school teacher I probed for the point to present to a trusting class. Teacher'll find it if there is

any. But I learned long after that it commemorated no ride or message of import. It was a rhymester exercising his power of jingle.

Of course no raven sat above Poe's door. Maybe there was no bust of Pallas there. Chances are he was coming round from a protracted jag, and instead of snakes in his boots, it was crow in his bonnet. But in spite of that he had the power to string pretty phrases together that appeal strongly to lovers of rhythm.

A lot of water has passed under the bridge since the "graces" in flowing robes danced attention on Venus. A lot of water since the bellowing, swash-bucklers swaggered across the stage in imitation

of Anglo-Saxon kings and courtiers. But each in turn served its purpose. It kept us in touch with a period before, with its customs, ideals, and practices despite the historical distortions used by the author to keep it in rhyme. It taught us a reverence for the dignity of language as opposed to sighs and grunts, something like the periwig and hoop skirt taught us respect for the dignity of motion.

But alas, we have wandered far from that acquired dignity. We are as thin of garb as we are flippant of speech. Let us hope our literature never becomes as bare as are sportsters cavorting on a beach.

Mary Lee Anderson
Dexter, Indiana

MR. BIGGOTT



"In case I should need a transfusion, doctor, I want to make certain I don't get anything but blue, sixth-generation American blood!"

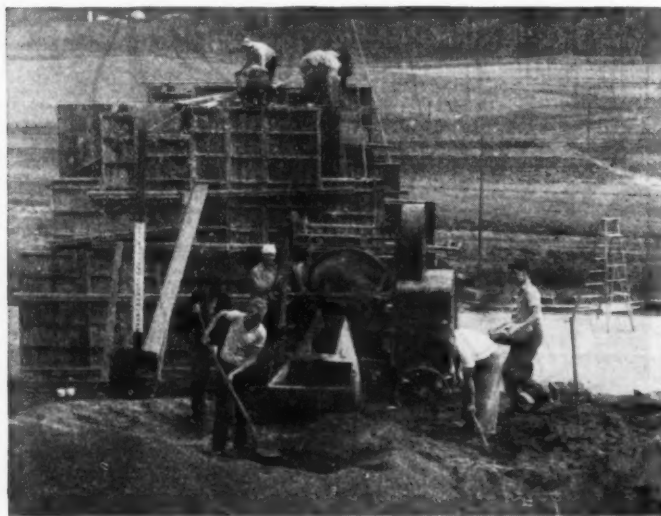


Brothers' Conference Room in new wing.

JUDGING by reports that have reached us, the 17th annual meeting of the St. Meinrad Alumni Association, held in Indianapolis on November 12-13, was the biggest and best ever. Approximately 150 priests from various sec-

Echoes from OUR ABBEY HALLS

tions of the country attended the meeting which was under the direction of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Albert Busald, president of the Alumni Association. The meeting this year included among other activities a Pontifical High Mass by the Most Rev. John G. Bennett, Bishop of Lafayette in Indiana, a distinguished alumnus, who was elevated to the episcopacy just a year ago. Officers elected for the coming year are: Rt. Rev. Msgr. August Sprigler of Evansville, president; the Rev. August Fichter of Vincennes, vice-president; the Rev. Charles Kaiser of Evansville, secretary; and the Rev. Joseph Brown of Rockport, treasurer. At the meeting Evansville was chosen as the city in which the reunion will be held next year. The members also voted to publish a quarterly association paper, for which representatives for the various dioceses will soon be appointed.



BROTHERS' HANDBALL ALLEY UNDER CONSTRUCTION

On ground: Brother Dennis, Oblate Robert, Br. Lawrence, Oblate Thomas, Oblate Philip. On top: (Standing) Br. Simeon, Br. Vincent, Br. David, Bro. Anthony, Br. Alexander.

On November 24th we welcomed home to the Abbey Father Victor Dux, O.S.B., one of our army chaplains who served in Africa and Italy. Father reached the States on November 10th and received his discharge from the army on December 7th at Camp Atterbury, Ind. After a few days spent at the Abbey Father Victor again left us; but this time he did not go far away. He has been assigned to act as temporary assistant at the St. Ferdinand Parish, Ferdinand, Ind., until the return of the regular assistant, Father Alfred Baltz, O.S.B., another of our army chaplains still serving with the army at Naples, Italy. Father assured us that he was very glad to be able to lay aside his army uniform and again put on his monastic habit.

The parish of St. Boniface at Fulda, Ind., received a new pastor on November 28th in the person of Father Charles Dudine, O.S.B. Father Charles succeeds Father Mark Meyer, O.S.B., of whose death we wrote in the last issue of the ECHOES. For the past fourteen years Father Charles has been engaged in work in various parishes under the care of the Benedictine Fathers of the Abbey; consequently he is no stranger to parish life and work. On the contrary, he is very well equipped for his new duties. From 1931 to 1934 he served as assistant at St. Ferdinand Parish, Ferdinand, Indiana, from whence he was transferred to St. Joseph's Parish, Jasper, Ind. In 1936 he was sent to help in St. Mary's Parish, Huntingburg, Ind. After four years at Huntingburg he returned in 1940 to Ferdinand, where he remained until the time of his appointment as pastor of Fulda. We wish him all success in his new duties.

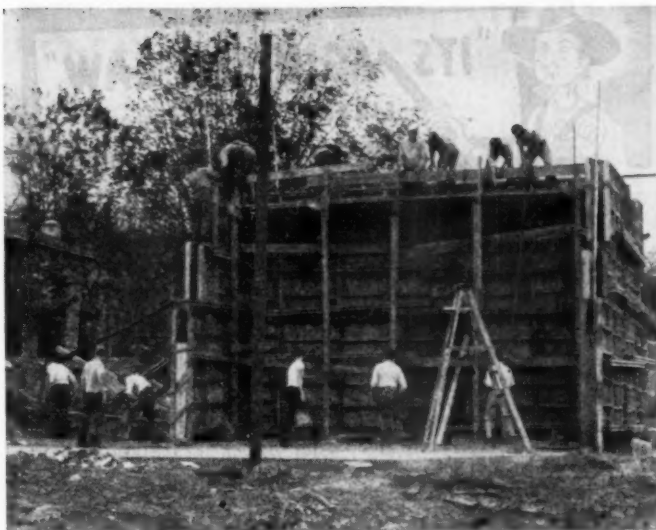
The continued illness of Father Malachy Fulton, O.S.B., has made

it necessary to put a new man at St. Benedict's Parish in Evansville, Ind. Father Donald Walpole, O.S.B., has been assigned as temporary assistant. He took up his abode at St. Benedict's on December 4th. Fathers Claude Ehringer, O.S.B., and Herbert Palmer, O.S.B., have taken over his English classes at the Oblate School during his absence from the Abbey.

* * * * *

On December 5th we were again privileged to hear the Abbey Symphony Orchestra under the capable direction of Father Rudolph Siedling, O.S.B., in its annual St. Nicholas Eve concert. The forty musicians who form the orchestra are drawn from the ranks of the Minor and Major Seminaries and from the Abbey. The musical treat they offered us in honor of St. Nicholas included: "Los Conquistadores" by José Sanroma; "Largo," from the New World Symphony by Anton Dvorak; "Emperor Waltz" by Johann Strauss; "Knightsbridge March" by Eric Coates; "Hungarian March" by Hector Berlioz; "Waltz, Op.39" by Johannes Brahms; and "Procession of the Sardar," from "Caucasian Sketches" by M. Ippolitow-Iwanow. Soloists for the evening were a trombonist, a clarinetist, and a pianist. Mr. William Martin of the Major Seminary played "La Petite Suzanne" by Arthur Pryor, on the trombone; Mr. Edward Heitzman, the clarinetist, played "The Swiss Boy" by Paul de Ville; and Father Christopher Hoolihan, O.S.B., at the piano, offered as his selections, "Manhattan Masquerade" by Louis Alter and "Deep Purple" by Peter De Rose. Messrs. Roy Dentinger and Eugene Dewig played two violin and flute duets, "Angel Serenade" by G. Braga and "Pavanne" by Morton Gould. The thunderous applause of the audience indicated its entire satisfaction with the highly entertaining concert. We shall now look forward with great expectation to the annual Spring Concert.

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On ground: l. to r. Obl. Philip, Obl. Stephen, Obl. Anthony, Obl. Clarence, Br. Donald, Obl. Edwin. On top, Fr. Gualbert, Br. David, Br. Vincent, Br. Simeon, Br. Stephen, Obl. Frederick, Br. Alexander.

Lately the interior decorators have been having a free hand in the Abbey Halls. The recreation room of the Brothers was renovated some weeks ago and now looks very neat and inviting in its new coat of cream and blue. At the present time the recreation room of the Fathers is in the process of redecoration. And painters have begun lifting the faces of the cells of the Fathers on the second floor of the monastery. The plan is to give all the cells a new coat of paint, the first in many years. So it looks like the painters will be familiar figures around the house for a long time to come.

* * * * *

Despite the fact that the summer season has long passed and almost been forgotten, and that according to the calendar we are ready to start the winter season, nevertheless there is still pretty much athletic activity out of doors. The newly asphalted tennis courts still draw many players and the volley ball

courts are seldom without devotees of that sport. Handball too is the order of the day on the courts of the Minor and Major Seminaries as well as on the new court recently erected by the Brothers. Under the supervision of the Brother Instructor, Father Gualbert, O.S.B., the Brothers' construction crew recently completed the erection of a very fine double court on their recreation grounds east of the monastery buildings. With a little more practice, they ought to be able to undertake the erection of even bigger projects. And that is what they are looking forward to. When, God willing, we begin the erection of the new science building next spring, a number of the Brothers hope to join the building crew.

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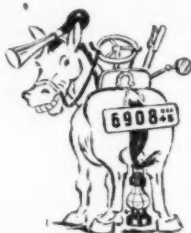
According to information received from Father Urban Knapp, O.S.B., our navy chaplain in the Pacific, he has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Commander. The hospital group to which he belonged on



You'll have an unpleasant surprise in Willimantic if you go driving after dark without a tail-light on your horse.



Be sure to keep your razor blades until outside Connecticut's boundaries if you want to escape police attention, for there's a law saying you must not throw them away.



Baltz, Chaplains' Corps, Hqrs. 1st Staging Area PBS, APO 782, New York, N. Y.

On December 13, one of our oldest members, Brother Oswald Wildhaber, a native of St. Gall in Switzerland, passed away peacefully in the Lord. Brother Oswald is pictured second from the left in the first row in the picture of the Brothers on this page. For forty-seven years he was a faithful worker in our engine room and power house. Only two days before his death he asked to be relieved. He lacked but three days of reaching 84 years. Brother's burial took place in the Abbey cemetery in near zero weather. But Nature put on a beautiful display for the occasion, turning all the trees and shrubs to glass, sparkling in the morning sun. The scene was one befitting the "Deducant te Angeli." R.I.P.

Our Brothers: In the center of the front row is Brother Philip, the senior Brother by age and by profession in the Swiss American Congregation of Benedictines.

Left to right, front row: Brothers Conrad, Oswald, Rembert, Alphonse, Wendelin, Odilo, Philip, Father Gualbert, Brothers Mark, George, Camillus, Gabriel, Benedict Jos.

Second row: Meinrad, Innocent, Raymond, Alexius, Benno, Bartholomew, Joseph, Francis, Herman, Wolfgang, Michael, Fidelis, Kilian.

Third row: Donald, Jerome, Lawrence, Albert, John, Benedict, Robert, Novice Camillus, Timothy, Edward, Thomas, Leo, Obl. Gregory.

Fourth row: Placid, Stephen, Simeon, Vincent, Anthony, Augustine, Dennis, David, Boniface, William, James, George, Alexander.



the island of Guam has been dissolved and Father Urban has been transferred to a new field of activity. But as yet we do not know his new address. Father Cornelius Waldo, O.S.B., is now stationed at March Field, California, while Father Maurice Patrick, O.S.B., has been transferred to Clovis, New Mexico. Father Alfred Baltz, O.S.B., is still at Naples, Italy, where he is striving hard to help relieve the suffering and poverty of the Italian people in the vicinity around the army post. He recently sent an appeal for donations of food and clothing for this purpose. Should any of our readers wish to lend him a helping hand, his address is Captain Alfred A.

PRAYING FOR ONE FOLD

Aedan Davis, S. A.



“THEY are said to be wise who put things in their proper order and govern them well.” So spoke Aristotle, a pagan but an enlightened one, centuries before Christ ever walked the earth. The early Christians supernaturalized this principle, living strictly in accordance with the order taught them by their Divine Master. A glance at any section of the Acts of the Apostles reveals how zealously the first followers of Christ worked for the spiritual and physical well-being of their fellow-men. Keeping first things always first, they were concerned primarily with the spiritual improvement of their brethren, for after all the special mission of Jesus was the redemption of mankind, the highest spiritual good that could be conceived. The purpose of His life and death, “That he might bring together the scattered children of God into one” (John 11:52), showed the early believers that Jesus Christ longed for a unified mankind subject in all things to the Will of His heavenly Father.

In the fulfilment of His earthly mission, Our Lord did not forget that men had bodies to be cared for as well as souls to save. “He went about doing good” and at His touch the blind saw, the deaf heard, cripples walked again, lepers were healed. Even the dead were summoned back from the grave. Yet, and the early Christians knew it well, these miracles were always subordinate to a deeper and nobler purpose, the eternal welfare of mankind. Each of the benevolent acts He performed was a proof that His message had approval from on high. Behind each one of them was the promise of even greater things, true peace and happiness in the spiritual order.

One figure that played a dominant role in the Acts of the Apostles shows how deeply ingrained was the passion of Christ's followers for the welfare of those without the Fold. Paul of Tarsus was ever zealous for the welfare of others, even in those dark days when he persecuted the Church of God. After his miraculous conversion, no tribu-

lation was too great, no risk too hazardous, in preaching the revealed word of God to all men. He had to escape from Damascus by being lowered over a wall in a basket. He suffered imprisonment, scourging, shipwreck during his missionary career, yet each apparent misfortune seemed to give him more strength and power in his task of bringing Christ to the Gentiles. He was not satisfied with making new foundations of the Christian Church in heathen strongholds, but kept in constant touch with his converts, fortifying their new, united life with his letters. He spoke often of his concern for the physical well-being of Christians—"Now concerning the collections that are made for the saints..." (I Cor. 16:1). But his solicitude was always primarily for their growth in the knowledge of spiritual things. "First I give thanks to God through Jesus Christ for all of you, because your faith is proclaimed all over the world" (Rom. 1:8). All during his arduous work for the spreading of Christ's Kingdom, Saint Paul was mindful that Christians should be bound together in a close union best exemplified by the figure of the human body. In Ephesians (4:4) he speaks of "one body and one spirit." In Colossians we read: "He [Christ] is the head of his body, the Church." In Romans (12:5) we have that beautiful description of Christ's Mystical Body, "Now you are the body of Christ, member for member." This was the unity among men for which he had devoted his life.

But with Paul all the Apostles strove courageously to expand the Kingdom of God. Peter, their chief and prince, had been specially selected as earthly head of the Mystical Body by Christ Himself, when He said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church" (Matt. 16:18). Following his leadership, the long list of Bishops of Rome, Christ's Vicars on earth, have been faithful to this mission. In our own day the Popes continue to stimulate interest in preaching the message of salvation to all nations. They have fostered and sanctioned mission-aid organizations in every land. They have reissued calls to all the Catholic world to be mindful of the obligation of sharing Christ's message with those not yet converted. Pope Benedict XV wrote a stirring encyclical, *Maximum Illud*, and Pope Pius XI an equally distinguished one, *Rerum Ecclesiae*, on the work of the missions. Pius XI also concerned himself with the need of directing his children in proper methods towards the reunion of Christians through his encyclical *Mortalium Animos*. Pope Pius XII, now gloriously reigning, has not been wanting in enthusiasm for the hastening of the universal reign of Christ the King, as witness his untiring efforts and activities

as well as special messages to the whole world. Under the leadership of such a zealous Father, all members of the Church Militant should devote themselves in some manner to spreading the Gospel message.

In *Maximum Illud* Benedict XV stressed the three ways in which all can labor for the extension of Christ's Mystical Body: prayer, the fostering of vocations, and sacrificial offerings. The first method, prayer, is one in which no faithful believer should refuse to play a role. In *Rerum Ecclesiae* Pius XI pointed this out: "Everyone can pray, of this fact there can be no question. Everyone, therefore, has at hand and can make use of this all-important help, this *daily nourishment* of the missions." Only too often we overlook the obvious, and frequently we who have the full light of faith underestimate the value of this all-powerful weapon. True, we do concentrate in prayer from time to time when the matter is forced on our attention, but all too often we lack interest and zeal in supporting by fervent prayer the efforts of those who have made the preaching of the Gospel their lives' work. Priests, brothers and sisters in mission lands can sow and water; God may not give the increase unless their labors are backed by unflagging prayer and by home-front auxiliaries. The example of the recent war can well be pondered over: soldiers, sailors and marines could never have achieved victory abroad were they not helped by volunteers on the home front, who supplied them with sustenance and weapons. Any lag or failure on the part of the home-front army would mean for them disaster, and prolonged indifference total defeat. Are not Catholics throughout the world involved in an even more glorious conflict? Are the home front detachments being faithful to their share in the burdens of this spiritual struggle? Victory will only be ours if each does his part in prayer wholeheartedly and untiringly.

From Christ's own words we know that it is better for us to pray in groups than individually. Towards that end, societies of prayer have been organized and prayers assigned for certain days so that those who join in them will be bound together in spirit as they offer supplication to the Holy Trinity. January of each year offers a conspicuous example in the Church Unity Octave. Eight days, from the Feast of Saint Peter's Chair at Rome on the 18th to the Feast of Saint Paul's Conversion, the 25th, are set apart that all might join in praying with Christ "That all may be one" (John 17:21). The Holy Father, Cardinals, bishops, priests and religious take part in this world-wide prayer movement. To the faithful of all ranks the

opportunity presents itself of joining together in supplication for the great gift of the conversion of all men to God, through the channel He has instituted, the Holy Catholic Church. Even well-disposed souls outside the visible Church have been moved to join in this tribute of prayer, partly because the Church Unity Octave had its humble beginning in an Anglican religious community at Graymoor, Garrison, New York.

This year, more than ever, we can gauge the price the world is paying for being forgetful of the unity that Christ so vehemently desired. "We have won the war, but shall we win the peace?" This is a question being asked on every side. Perhaps the question has already lost its meaning, as each day's events seem only to add to the confusion. No one has arisen with a plan that will make the peace secure. But those who have heard Christ's message cannot forget what must be done throughout the world before peace can ever reign. Mankind must be joined together in Christ as He is united with the Father. "That they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me" (John 17:21) was the conclusion of Our Lord's prayer for unity. It is in the direction of this unity that the Christian world looks for permanent peace. The blood, wretchedness and misery that have come out of World War II will not be in vain if only a single step is taken in the accomplishment of this unity.

To achieve the end of Christ's priestly prayer is no easy task, as the history of mankind bears abundant witness. But these present days of rebuilding and of reshaping hopes are opportune for us to rededicate ourselves to the task of extending Christ's Kingdom on earth, until all men come to know and love Him. The magnitude of the task calls all Christians to be unstinting in their prayers that some day there will be but "one fold and one shepherd."

The greatest weapon that the world has known is within our very grasp, the sword of the spirit, the weapon of prayer. The Church Unity Octave in January is above all else a prayer movement.

Though clergy, educators and other apostolic souls may set themselves to work with new vigor at this time by research, writing and verbal explanation of the truths of faith, unless there is a veritable storming of heaven with prayers for Christian unity, little progress towards our goal will be achieved. It was to call all Christians to prayer during a period of eight days that Father Paul James Francis, S.A., inaugurated the Church Unity Octave. On each of these eight days of prayer, a special group of those outside the Church becomes the object of our prayerful attention. The separated Christians of the East, Anglicans, Protestants of other groups, the Jews, those who know not God—each group is deserving of special love and affection towards the end that they, too, may know the fullness of the faith of Christ.

Where the Church Unity Octave is formally observed in cathedrals, churches and chapels, the special prayers of the Octaves are supplemented by instructions on the difficulties which stand in the way of these groups becoming faithful members of the Church of Christ. To know something of these difficulties helps us to shape our prayers and to labor in the spirit of charity for the welfare of those outside the fold. In the history of schism and heresy and fruitless effort to bring unbelievers to Christ, the spectre of lack of charity on the part of some of the faithful still looms. Unless it is wiped out by a new sharing in the spirit of Jesus Christ, perfect Model of Charity, even for the infidel and the sinner, our prayers are going to be in vain.

We have survived a gloomy period in the history of the world, when charity was all but extinguished. There remains the possibility that the hatreds and discord that have sprung up with the peace may ripen into further catastrophe for the human race. To obviate the source of pagan hatred, we must take up our task with enthusiasm, being sure that Christ is with us as our leader. If we make use of the Octave period as a time for fervent prayer "that all be one" we can know that the danger will be averted, and that the spirit of Christ may reign in the world more gloriously than ever before.

Through My Fault

"When we are guilty of a fault we must never attribute it to some physical cause, such as illness or the weather. We must ascribe it to our own imperfections, without being discouraged thereby. 'Occasions do not make a man frail, but show what he is' as the *Imitation of Christ* says."

—*Life of St. Therese of Lisieux*

THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

Illustrated by Gedge Harmon



In May, 1916, while three little Portuguese children were tending their flocks near Fatima, a bright cloud came towards them, and out of the cloud a figure appeared saying he was the Angel of Peace. This was the beginning of a series of apparitions. On May 13, 1917, a beautiful Lady appeared to the same children at Cova da Iria and announced that she would come to them on the 13th of each month until October. Our story has followed the monthly apparitions for June and July. The Mayor of Ourem, an atheist, had the children imprisoned on August 13 to prevent more attention to the miracle. His attempts to intimidate the children continue in the present chapter. (This true story is available in book form from *THE GRAIL*. Price \$2.00)

EVEN as Lucia offered this heartfelt prayer, the door opened and the mayor appeared.

"All right," he sneered cruelly. "Now it's your turn to die!"

The little girl was trembling like a leaf, but she did not cry out as the mayor dragged her toward the kitchen. Her mind could hold no other thoughts than these: her beloved cousins were dead. They had given their lives rather than be false to the lady. Now she must do the same.

The mayor flung open the kitchen door and Lucia gathered up all her courage to look upon the frightful scene. But even as she looked in she gasped, unable to believe her eyes. There, sitting in the kitchen with the mayor's wife were Francisco and Jacinta—white with fear but unharmed!

"Lucia, there isn't any boiling oil!" cried the little boy, rushing forward eagerly. "He was only trying to frighten us."

Jacinta was close behind her brother. "Yes. He

thought we'd never really want to die for the lady. But we were ready to do it. You were, too, weren't you?"

As though in a dream, Lucia nodded. Then she burst into happy tears. "I was dreadfully afraid, but I'd rather have died a thousand times than disobey the lady!" she sobbed. "She's so kind and good."

The mayor was outraged at these words, but he knew that he was defeated. Soon he was hustling the three little shepherds into his automobile. "Stupid brats! You've wasted nearly a week of my time!" he roared. "Get back to your families and never bother me again with your silly stories!"

As the mayor's car speeded them along the highway from Ourem to Fatima, the children began to readjust themselves to the everyday world. It was now August 18, and they had been in prison for five days. The lady's visit (if she had come) was over and done with. But after the first stab of sorrow, they began to put the past behind them and to look forward to what awaited them in Fatima. How good to be going home at last! To be with their families and friends once again!

"I wonder if the lady came while we were away," whispered Jacinta presently. "What do you think?"

Lucia shook her head. "I don't know."

"We can find out after we get home," declared Francisco confidently. "Surely somebody went to the Cova on the thirteenth."

The children did not have long to wait for their

curiosity to be satisfied. In just a few minutes a disgusted and angry mayor was depositing them at the gate of the parish priest's house in Fatima. "Find your own way home," he ordered harshly. "And never again cause an honest man so much trouble."

Even as they stared in silence, the mayor's car swung quickly about and headed back towards Ourem. For a moment the children stood gazing after it. Then their glances met, and immediately it was as though a weight had been lifted from their hearts.

"He's gone!" cried Lucia joyfully. "He won't hurt us any more."

"We can go home now," declared Jacinta, jumping up and down in excitement. "Oh, let's run all the way!"

Very soon there was a joyful reunion as the Marto and dos Santos families welcomed back their lost children. And amid the babble of excited tongues, the little shepherds learned what had taken place on the thirteenth of August. On that dreadful day more than fifteen thousand people had been on hand at the Cova da Iria for the expected apparition. Until noon they had been patient enough, reciting the Rosary and singing hymns. Then they had grown restless. "Where were the children," they kept asking. Where was the lady? Then the news of the kidnapping burst like a bombshell.

"When some of the men heard about *that*, they wanted to go at

once to Ourem and have things out with the mayor," said Manuel Marto, his hands clenching at the mere thought of what had been done to his little son and daughter.

"Don't forget that many people also thought Father Ferreira was connected in some way with the kidnapping," put in Lucia's father. "Quite a crowd went to his house from the Cova. Really angry they were, too, and no one knows what they might have done to him if they had found you children on his property."

Lucia clasped her hands. "And what did *you* think, Mother?"

Maria Rosa dos Santos smiled grimly. She loved her daughter, but hers was a stern nature and she

still had scruples concerning the apparitions in the Cova. "I? Why, I thought as any sensible creature would think. I said to myself: 'If these children have been telling lies, here's their punishment. If they've been telling the truth, Our Lady will take care of them.'"

As time passed the whole story was told and retold, and the children began to understand why no one had gone to Ourem on the thirteenth to protest against the mayor's actions. True, the crowd in the Cova had been restless and disappointed—first, because of the children's absence, second, because they had been hoping to see a miracle and now they felt themselves cheated. But then something truly extraordinary had



A GLOWING CLOUD SETTLED ABOUT THE LITTLE HOLM OAK

happened, and the whole atmosphere had changed.

"I guess your lady did come, although we didn't see her," said Jacinta's mother reverently. "Oh, children! I'll never forget the wonder as long as I live!"

The three little shepherds looked up eagerly. "What happened, Mother?" cried Francisco. "Please tell us!"

Olimpia Marto smiled. "Well, as the thousands of people in the Cova were arguing among themselves and wondering what to do, there was a sudden clap of thunder. It was a clear day, so this surprised everyone. Then there was a flash of lightning, so dazzling that it could be seen in spite of the sunshine. Then the sun began to grow pale, and a glowing cloud settled about the little holm-oak and hid it from view. Truly, I don't understand how it came there."

"Neither does anyone else understand," added her husband. "Why, no one in Fatima ever saw a cloud like that—shining and radiant and just large enough to hide one holm-oak tree."

Lucia's father looked thoughtfully out of the window. "There's one thing certain," he remarked slowly. "Most of the people came to the Cova on the thirteenth hoping to see something out of the ordinary. When you children didn't arrive, they were deeply disappointed. They began to make fun of the lady and everything connected with her. They even made fun of you, too, and said it was a good thing the mayor of Ourem had taken you away."

"Yes, but it was a different matter when they saw the lightning and heard the thunder," put in Manuel Marto. "And when the cloud came and settled over the little tree—well, here was a heavenly sign that satisfied all of them. Believe me, there was no more scoffing or complaining then. In fact, there was more honest praying in the Cova on the thirteenth than ever before."

His wife nodded vigorously. "That's right. The crowd had been in rather bad spirits when they heard that you children would not be coming and that probably there would be no heavenly sign. Some had wanted to go to Ourem to protest against the mayor's actions. Others insisted that he had done the right thing when he put you under arrest. But after the cloud came, all was peace."

For a moment Lucia was silent. Then she raised shining eyes to the grown-ups gathered about her. "Everyone believes in the lady now?" she asked hopefully. "They say the Rosary every day with real love?"

Her father smiled. "Most people believe, child. I think there will be more pilgrims than ever for

the lady's September visit. But what a pity that she couldn't have come to you in August as she promised!"

Jacinta's eyes were solemn. "Yes, the lady was to have paid us six visits, but now I guess there'll be only five."

Francisco sighed. "We lost the August visit when we had to go to jail," he said, and there was real sorrow in his voice.

But it was not long before this sorrow was turned into an unexpected joy—for Lucia and Jacinta as well as for Francisco. The next day, August 19, while the three were pasturing their sheep some distance from home, near the village of Valinhos, there was a sudden and dazzling light in the branches of a small tree, then a burst of thunder. Turning, the three little shepherds saw the lady. As was her custom in the Cova da Iria, she was standing atop a tree, her feet hidden in a shimmering cloud, her garments of white and gold so bright that the children could barely manage to gaze upon her.

Lucia ran eagerly toward the vision. "Oh, thank you for coming!" she cried. "You know, we didn't think we'd see you until next month."

But even as she spoke, the little girl fell back a few paces. Why, something was wrong! The lady's face was pale and grave, just as though she were angry about something.

"What is it?" faltered the child. "Why do you look that way?"

For a moment all was silence. Then the lady began to speak in slow and measured tones. "I am very displeased with the mayor of Ourem," she declared. "He had no right to take you away from Fatima and to treat you so cruelly."

Lucia had forgotten all about the mayor, carried out of herself with delight at this surprise visit from her beloved friend. But now she listened anxiously as the lady repeated that she was deeply offended by the mayor's actions, that such sinful conduct must be punished and that all Portugal must share in the punishment.

"When I came to you children in July, I promised to tell you in October who I am and to work a great miracle then that would convince people that I am real," she said slowly. "But now, because of the mayor's actions, the miracle will be much less impressive than the one I had planned."

The sorrow in the lady's voice was so intense that it was some time before Lucia could find sufficient courage to ask a question that had been bothering many in Fatima, especially her mother. But finally words came—for this, and for one other question. For instance, what was to be done with

the money that people were starting to leave in the Cova, beside the little holm-oak? Also would it be possible for the lady to bring back Manuel Marto (Jacinta's big brother) from the war soon? He was needed at home so very much!

"Use the money to buy two small stretchers to carry in processions," said the lady. "You and Jacinta will carry one of these stretchers, Lucia, with the help of two other little girls. Francisco and three of his friends will carry the second stretcher. All of you are to be dressed in white when you carry the stretchers to the parish church."

Lucia nodded, understanding full well what the lady meant. In small Portuguese villages such as Fatima, religious processions occurred many times during the year with every able-bodied person taking an active part. Generally there were groups of six to eight men in the procession, who carried large stretchers on their shoulders, supporting life-sized statues of saints. Preceding them were groups of children who carried small stretchers supporting small statues.

"What shall we carry on our stretchers?" asked Lucia.

The lady's eyes rested lovingly on the little girl before her. "Carry the offerings which people leave

near the holm-oak. Use these offerings to promote devotion to Our Lady of the Rosary and also for the erection of a chapel in her honor."

"And Manuel Marto—you'll bring him home soon?"

The lady nodded. "Yes. All the troops will be brought home soon."

Presently, as on the occasions of her three other visits, the lady told the children to recite the Rosary devoutly each day and to make many sacrifices for sinners. Then she began to glide eastwards from the top of the tree. In a moment she had disappeared into thin air, leaving the young shepherds gazing after her with rapt faces.

"Oh, how beautiful she is!" sighed Jacinta after a moment's silence. "Lucia, whenever the lady comes, I always feel so happy—even when she's gone away. Why, right now I feel I could walk on air!"

Her cousin nodded. "Yes. I know that feeling. And see that tree, Jacinta? The one where the lady stood? I'm going to break off a branch and take it home to Mother. Maybe when she sees it she'll feel as happy as we do."

(To be continued.)

Little King of Little Christmas

Little King of Little Christmas!

Were You startled by the song

Of angelic glory-chanting,

Loud and long,

Little King?

Were You thrilled to see the gleaming

Of the new-born brilliant star,

Guiding to Your cavern-altar,

Magi from afar,

Little King?

Little King of Little Christmas!

Guard the song within my heart;

Keep the Star of Faith there shining

Ne'er to part,

Little King!

Sister M. Frederica, O.S.B.



What do You Know About the Mass?

(Continued)

C. Francis Jenkins

The Offertory:

After the Creed, the priest again greets the people with the *Dominus Vobiscum*, and turning to the altar, says *Oremus—Let Us Pray*. But why? The people take part in no public prayer. Here again we find one of those old remains that Father Parsch calls "fossils of an ancient practice." The practice was this; here the people in procession brought their gifts, among which were the elements to be used for the sacrifice, to the altar. There was a chant while this procession was taking place, continuing until it was over. The priest then washed his hands, the prayer of Oblation was said, and the Offertory closed. Since there is no longer this ceremony, prayers had to be added to fill the void. These were varied and composed by the celebrant, but here again the decrees of 1570 caused them to be fixed.

The Offertory continues with the offering of the bread, the mingling of the wine and water, with its attendant prayers, the offering of the chalice, the self-immolation of the priest, the washing of the hands, the prayer to the Holy Trinity, the *Orate Fratres*, and finishing with the *Secret*. There are many explanations of the word *Secret*, but since it is the old offertory prayer, one author would have the word *ecclesia* understood after the word *Secreta*, making it mean the select congregation. They are not as artistic as the Collects perhaps, but they conclude the same way, with the priest intoning the ending as a transition into the Preface.

With the beginning of the Preface with its responsory dialogue, we come upon the threshold of the Holy of Holies. What follows is characteristic of each rite, although all the ceremonies are not identical with the Roman. The Canon of the Mass presents great difficulties to liturgists, in that there seems to be no clear cut reason for some of the ceremonies. We know that our Canon is different from the Anaphoras of the Eastern rites, and that there is no absolute Invocation of the Holy Ghost (the *epiklesis* of the Eastern church, which according to them is the moment when the Transubstantiation takes place.)

So a theory has grown up amongst the liturgists in this wise. I—that the present Canon follows the Apostolic Constitutions, II—that it was modeled after the rite of Alexandria, the 'Second See'

presided over by St. Mark. Then too, there enters here the question of concelebration, that is several priests taking part in the rite of Consecration. This was very common with us until the Thirteenth Century, is still used by all the Eastern liturgies, can be seen in Rome sometimes when the Pope officiates, and of course is always present in the ordination rites of priests.

The Canon has been referred to by several names. It is known as the *Actio*, *Legitimum*, *Prex Agenda*, *Regula*, and *Secreta Missae*.

The sources of our knowledge of the Canon seem to be four, the New Testament, the Letter of St. Justin Martyr, the Apostolic Constitutions, and the "De Sacramentis." Each of these shows in progression, changes that have taken place, the difficulty being, that we cannot always explain these changes. For instance, there is some reason to believe that the Preface was once part of the Canon, although such is not now the case. The contention for this arises in the first prayer of the Canon itself, the *Te Igitur*, where you have a definite connection with the Preface.

The Preface:

This is a great hymn of praise, the vestibule as it were to the solemnity of the Consecration itself. It extols our Heavenly Father for the benefits of Redemption and Creation. At one time the composition of the Prefaces was left to the Celebrant, who was again allowed to dwell at great length upon his feelings concerning these great wonders. But the Roman rite, striving for conciseness, has abbreviated them along with other portions of the Mass, until today they have a fixed form.

At one time too, there must have been a Preface for every day, for the Leonine Sacramentary lists 267, and since this missal is only a fragment of the original, there is no telling just how many Prefaces it once contained. Today there are fifteen in use, and these carry us through the liturgical year.*

Its great beauty is apparent. Upon close examination we see first a dialogue, then this great prayer of praise, followed by the Song of the Angels, taken from Isaiah (6:3). The Benedictus

* Besides fifteen prefaces common to the universal Church, there are a few proper to certain Orders, e.g., that of St. Benedict for the Order of St. Benedict.

is now sung after the Consecration, but by its very nature, belongs before.

The Canon:

Saying the Sanctus, the priest drops into an inaudible voice which continues throughout with the exception of the "*Nobis Quoque Peccatoribus.*" Is it because of the solemnity of the moment, or is it the fear of irreverence? No one seems to be reasonably sure. The presence of the bell at the Sanctus is a custom which arose in the Middle Ages, probably to announce the coming mysteries, although no such bell is rung in a Papal Mass. The first prayer of the Canon deals with the Church. We ask God to bless these gifts here being offered in the first place for the Church, for her peace and unity, then for the Pope, for our bishop, and finally for all of us who believe and practice the ancient faith.

The Memento for the Living:

The sacrifice is next offered for the living servants of God, some being specifically mentioned, in the hope they will merit eternal salvation for themselves and families.

The Communicantes:

There are two of these prayers in memory of the Saints, one before, and one after the Consecration. They are very old. The mention of the Mother of God is first, then the Twelve Apostles, then the twelve male martyrs whose tombs are in Rome, and whose veneration was strongly held by the people. There are now seven of these prayers given in the missal marked, "*Infra Actionem*" (within the Action).

The Oblation Prayer:

This prayer, though very old, was not a part of the original Canon. There were several forms of it, and even today the missal records four.

The Prayers for the Consecration:

This prayer, the *Quam Oblationem*, is found for the first time in the '*De Sacramentis*' and is considered by some, as a sort of an epiklesis. The appearances of certain legal terms, some of them defying accurate translation, strengthen the thought. The crosses which are used by the priest, and which are found in the missal, are found in all the ancient manuscripts.

The Consecration:

We have now arrived at the MOMENT. Here is the very essence of our faith, and certainly the most ancient portion of the Mass, because to deny it as many of our non-Catholic brethren do, is to deny everything. And it is not symbolical as they would

have you believe. What is here taking place is Actuality. Christ Himself not only performed the miracle, but appointed a priesthood that could repeat it. What takes place can not be seen by mortal eyes, and it is wrong to believe that it was ever intended to be. But the eyes of Faith can see, after those sacred words are pronounced, that what was once bread and wine, simple elements in themselves, have in a manner proclaimed by Our Divine Lord, and with a power which He transferred to His priesthood, become the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Himself. Think of that! The thought is terrifying. Nothing can be greater, nothing is greater, since nothing can be better than God Himself. Now perhaps we can understand the reason for all these beautiful ceremonies, each one of which is intended to burn the greatness of this moment in our souls.

The priest now recounts what happened at that First Mass, and then says over the bread first, "This is My Body" and elevates it for the veneration of the faithful. And that is exactly what the faithful must do. It is surprising sometimes, how humble some people can become at this solemn moment, for they are so wrapped up in their devotions that they never look upon their God. This is certainly not the mind of the Church.

Then the chalice is likewise blessed and elevated, and again adored. The whole rite is closed by the admonition given by Our Lord for the constant repetition of this most Holy Sacrifice.

The Anamnesis:

This is perhaps one of the most ancient of prayers for it goes back to Apostolic times. In this prayer the Church is conscious of her obligation to keep the memory of the Lord alive, indicating the co-operation of the priest and the people in the sacrifice, and really it contains the essence of the principal thoughts of the Mass. Two more prayers follow this which complete the Anamnesis, and we move to the remembrances after the Consecration.

The Memento for the Dead:

Here we ask God not to forget those of us who have left this world, that He will give them peace, refreshment, and light. This is again an old prayer, it being the thought of the ancient Church, that this moment was the most efficacious of all times to remember the dead.

The Prayer for Ourselves:

In this prayer we are conscious of our sins and hope that God will forgive them, so that we can find fellowship with the Saints and Apostles here mentioned.

The Blessing of the Offering:

We ask God again to bless our sacrifice, concluding with a Doxology. Here is another ancient custom of which there are traces in the older missals.

The Little Elevation:

We are now ready to conclude the Canon in this minor elevation. For a long time this was the only elevation in the Mass, since the elevation occurring at the Consecration was adopted in the Middle Ages. And for a long time even this has been curtailed, but it is to be hoped that it will again come into its own, and that the faithful will adore their God with the same devotion as they do at the major elevation. The priest raises his voice at the conclusion of this prayer to again call the people into active participation.

The Pater Noster:

This is the Lord's Prayer and with it we begin the Sacrificial meal. This is the oldest prayer in the Mass since it was taught by Our Divine Lord long before the Institution of the Holy Eucharist. It is felt that this prayer has always been a part of the liturgies, even though it is not now a part of some of them. There is no mention of it before the Third Century in the Roman rite, and it is believed that Gregory I, placed it in its present location, moving it from an earlier one. The priest after chanting this prayer paraphrases it in the next one which is said in a low voice. Then comes the Breaking of the Host.

At one time this was a very elaborate ceremony since the faithful who were going to communicate, were given a portion of this Host consecrated by the priest. Also a portion of it, called the "sancta" was reserved for the next celebration of Mass, so that there was in fact a material relation between one Mass and the next one. There were several other ancient practices connected with the Fraction, none of which now remain.

Then there is the Blessing, Pax Domini, and the Fraction is dropped into the chalice to mingle with the Sacred Blood, after which the choir chants the *Agnus Dei*:

This chant was formerly used to fill the gap taken by the Breaking of the Host. It is believed to have been introduced by Pope Sergius (d. 701) and closely resembles a similar prayer in the Eastern liturgies. It was repeated as long as the Breaking lasted and always ended with the "*misere-re nobis.*" Innocent III added the "*dona nobis pacem.*" After this prayer the priest says the first of three prayers in his preparation for the reception of

Holy Communion. This is followed by the Kiss of Peace (in solemn Masses only), a very old custom which symbolizes as says one writer, "that charity which should unite all who approach the Holy Table."

The next two prayers conclude the celebrant's preparation for Communion. These over, he raises his voice to pronounce the prayer of the Centurion, "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof, but only say the word and my soul shall be healed." Making the sign of the cross with the Host he prepares to receive Holy Communion, asking before doing so that his soul shall be brought to life everlasting. Taking the chalice, the priest recites some verses from Holy Scripture, and then drinks from it, asking that the blood of Jesus Christ also preserve his soul for the life to come.

The Communion of the Faithful:

This is the proper time for the faithful to receive Holy Communion, in fact the only time that they should, unless necessity demands otherwise. The practice of going to Communion before Mass and then using the Mass as a thanksgiving defeats the whole purpose for which the Sacrifice is offered. The Communion is a part of the Mass, and not the other way around. The very act of eating is one of the oldest ideas of sacrifice. Then too, Our Divine Lord indicated several times the efficacy of receiving frequently the Bread of Life, and since in the natural order we eat regularly, it is the wish of Holy Church that we communicate every time we assist at Mass.

With the sacrificial meal over the Mass begins to draw to a close. After the Communion of the faithful, there is a Communion chant, and the sacred vessels are cleansed with appropriate prayers. The priest, turning to the people, greets them again, then reads the *Post-Communion*, a prayer that ties in with the Collects in the Mass of the Catechumens, and like it, terse and beautiful. At its conclusion, the congregation is again greeted, and then dismissed. That is, they were once dismissed at this point. Since 1570 however, there is another prayer, a last blessing, and the recitation of the Prologue of the Gospel of St. John, except on those days where a concurrence of feasts causes the greater to supplant the lesser, in which case the Gospel read at this point is the Gospel of the superceded feast. Before 1570 the last Gospel was part of the priest's thanksgiving, and was recited while returning to the Secretarium, or while unvesting. With its conclusion the Holy Sacrifice comes to an end.

A Glove on His Right Hand

Mary Lanigan Healy



—Virginia Nelson

He shoved back his chair in a rush and as fast as he could go he was around the table and beside Mom.



HE old summer house was best this time of year. Danny liked the way the sun came staggering through the wide lathes and made patterns on the floor. He liked the way the wisteria vine dipped downward as though leaning over purposely to let the flowers hang like tassels every now and then

where a lathe was off. He even liked the way most of the paint was gone so that the summer house seemed to blend with the trees and vines and shrubs as though it had grown along there with the rest.

Danny used to wonder why the Father Superior didn't fix the place up. He used to think it queer that the summer house was allowed to go to pot

right in the midst of mowed and rolling lawns and annually pruned trees. But lately he hadn't wondered why no one bothered the summer house. Lately he had decided that Father Superior had forgotten it on purpose and that he let it alone so as not to intrude on what he and some of the other fellows regarded as their own. It was a place which was private and away from the very world it was in. It was a place to be alone.

Danny stretched his dark-clad legs and slipped his breviary into his pocket. He braced his head against the wall and looked up at the dangling flowers. It was hard to believe that Ordination time was almost here. It was hard to believe that this time it was his class which was going to be ordained.

Last week he had sent home his invitations to

be addressed. He had sent along the tight pack of cards with his name and the date and "*Ora pro me*" on one side and a golden chalice and a white Host on the other. His sister Frances would send them out for him all neatly addressed in her Palmer Method school teacher hand. She said she'd be glad to send them out. She had told him that the last time he was home. Everyone seemed glad to do things for him at home and every now and again he caught that look on someone's face and it made him feel queer, terribly queer. In fact, it made him somewhat ashamed.

It was a most distressing thing to have people looking at you as though you were somehow different, as though you were out of this world. But there was one person at least he could depend on to remember that he was just Danny Reagan, and no one else. No one better or grander than just he. Nobody to turn on a look like neon lights installed for the occasion.—He could depend on Mom.

Mom caught on to things. She understood without three accompanying letters and circulars and pamphlets of explanation. Mom knew about him.

There was that time when he'd come running home from school. Danny could recall every fragment of that time as though it had just happened to him today.

He was all out of breath when he came running into the kitchen, a little guy scared of something he thought he could outrun if he went fast enough. Breathlessly he stood in the door, trying to bring into focus the usual vision of Mom beating away—clump, clump, clump—at her big yellow bowl.

She had looked up at him and smiled, and then she had quit smiling and just considered him with her wooden spoon in her hand. There was flour sprayed a bit up her arm and her dark hair lay like a ripe plum cut in halves on either side of her head. Mom's hair was always smooth like that.

Now he could breathe in the usual smells of the kitchen all about him with Mom there, with the clock ticking away on the wall, with some kind of batter in the yellow bowl and the calendar from the Feed company on the wall.

"Well, Danny?" she said. "Well?"

And Danny resolved that she should never know. So he asked in a voice which had a false sound but which was all that came to help him out; "Makin' cake, Mom?"

"No," she said. "No cake. Corn bread."

Desperately he had tried to carry it off. "Shucks. I could sure eat a piece of cake." He had to gulp to get the words out of his throat.

Mom smiled then and her blue eyes never left

his face and somehow he knew that that was the only question she would ask of him. Just the one in her eyes.

"I made some pie awhile ago," she said. "Would you like a piece of that?"

Danny nodded. He pulled in his breath and was aware of the rich smell of stew and he heard it simmering softly underneath its lid. Mom went out on the porch for the pie and he went to the sink and let the water run on his hands and then wiped them on the towel which was always there to use after school.

Mom put the pie on a saucer and set it on the table. There was a flowered oil cloth on the table. Red and yellow and green. Danny could remember just how it looked and how some of the flowers were worn and faded and some were bright and new at the corners of the table. Mom tipped the tea pot she always seemed to have ready and said, "I think I'll just have a cup of tea before I put that corn bread in."

Danny lifted his fork and then he saw that it was apple pie. He knew he couldn't eat apple pie. In fact he knew he couldn't eat anything. The guilt he had been running away from up 'til now climbed into his throat and made a hard choking wedge.

Mom stirred her tea. She sipped it thoughtfully. She didn't say a word. But Danny was ready to answer the question in her eyes.

He dropped his fork and it clipped against the saucer with a sharp sound. He shoved back his chair in a rush and as fast as he could go he was around the table and beside Mom.

"There, now. There, now, lad." Mom said, and her hand caressed his hair. "There lad, there."

He had to wait a few minutes until all the things inside of him washed out through his eyes into Mom's lap and then he sobbed, "I'm a thief, Mom."

"A thief?" she repeated gentle like. "Whatever makes you say that?"

He got rid of his story as fast as he could.

"Some of the guys dared me to and I wouldn't take a dare. They said I didn't have the nerve. That I was a scary cat and a sissy pants. I had to show them, Mom?"

"What did you have to show them, lad?"

"That I wasn't afraid to steal the apples. That I could go right in and snatch them and scam."

"Oh."

With no more talk of what he had done, Mom commenced to tell a story. It was a story about St. Bridget as so many of hers were, about St. Bridget of green Kildare. And Danny settled more comfortably on the floor and he nestled his cheek

against her skirt and he could feel the tears drying stiff on his face.

He went along with Mom's story as though a gentle wind were blowing behind him as he went down the street,—as though his canoe was on the lake with the deep water under it.

When Saint Bridget was resting once beside a stream she had an interesting experience. She, no doubt was saying her rosary beads as she sat there quietly, with the birds trilling away and the little creatures sticking out their noses here and there to see the lady all Ireland had come to know. Perhaps the warm sun felt good between her shoulder blades and she let slip her mantle to take best advantage of its rays. And it was just as though there was nothing for miles about but Bridget and God's wild things.

All of a sudden there was a crackling and crashing noise and here comes a lad tumbling through the bushes for all the world as though he were on his way to report a fire. He practically tripped over poor Bridget's feet, causing her to lose her place on her chain.

"Here now, lad," she called. "What's all this rush about anyway? Wherever are you going?"

The boy stopped with one foot still forward to dash on his way. He looked back over his shoulder and gave Bridget a bold and smart like grin and said, flip as you please, "I am running off to heaven!" And he watched her face to see if it had taken her down a peg or two, the freshness of his reply.

"Indeed," said she, "Well that's nice. Would to God I could run along with you. But pray that I arrive there, like the good lad you must surely be!"

Well. It was the boy's turn to be surprised and suddenly he wasn't in any hurry any more to be on his way. Instead he came over and sat down on the grass beside Bridget and began to speak with her and to listen for a change. They talked about the trees and the birds with nests in them and the caterpillars crawling on the blades of grass and they talked about heaven too but not in a jesting way. And it turned out that he was a student and not the featherweight he had seemed.

The boy and Bridget became fast friends and once she told him in that wise way saints have

of knowing what lies ahead, that it would be he who would come to her and anoint her when it was her time to die.

And ever after that the boy wore a glove on his right hand telling everyone that he was certainly going to keep it spotlessly clean if he was going to have the honor of using it to anoint a saint. And people came to call him "The Clean-Handed," but he was very much a boy for all of that and could play games with the best of them and enter into any sport which came his way, and he got good marks in school and never by dirt or deed did he soil his hand. And he did in truth many years later bring the Blessed Sacrament to Bridget as she lay dying and anoint her with holy oils. Naturally he had meanwhile been ordained a priest.

Mom's voice sifted down like the wind coming to rest. Danny waited to see if she was going to tell him how the story belonged in a particular way to him.

She did presently.

"It is possible," she said, "to be clean handed and at the same time two fisted. To be a smart aleck is not to be a bright, brave boy. It is always good to think of all the wonderful uses God might have for us in this world and to be ready for the very one He desires of each one of us."

Mom was finished with her story. And even the tag end for him at the last. There would be no more talk of the apples. She would leave things as they were. Maybe she knew the story would stay with him. Maybe she knew it would be there when he wanted to cheat one day in an exam. Maybe she knew it would ride along with him right to the edge of the seminary grounds that day he was going to break the rules and go into town to the movie because some one said he was afraid. Maybe she knew that at any time he was tempted to be less than clean handed, the story would be there. Maybe she even knew the story would come to him so many years later as he lounged out in the old summer house with his fresh read breviary in his pocket, with the hand he had kept clean reaching up to pluck a wisteria blossom which looked so much like a bunch of grapes, thinking that it did not seem possible that it was almost time for him to be ordained.

Three Deadly D's

There are three D's which you ought to avoid, the Doctor, the Devil, and the Dumps, better known as discouragement. You can cheat the doctor, and run from the devil, but the dumps are the very devil himself.

Co-ops Cannot Happen Here?

John C. Choppesky, S.J.

WHEN the Russian Army rode into Rumania a year ago, at least one correspondent noted that its mobile units were of American make. This is solid evidence—along with other factors—that when put to the test democracy will not crumble. However, the progress and development of the co-operative movement in America is an even greater indication that democracy is always a vital principle, a way of life. Everywhere on the home front the co-ops are gaining new members, beginning new enterprises. In Chicago a group of housewives co-oped to form a corner grocery store; in Columbus a beauty shop is run the co-op way; at the University of Detroit the students opened two co-op dormitories; in Pennsylvania, with the help of the government's Rural Electrification Act, an electric power unit is operating on the co-op principle; finally, in Minnesota the high cost of death and burial has been reduced by co-operatives.

Moreover, the co-operatives are doing business on a national scale. Here are a few facts. Co-op oil refineries sell fuel to the railroads and high octane gas to the Navy. A co-op machinery plant makes tractors for farmers and tank parts for the government. Figures are available to show that the Consumer's Co-operative alone—this does not include Producer's Co-operatives—represents a membership of 900,000 who received as an equity on their investment in 1942-43 over \$19,000,000. This amount indicates a fifty percent increase over earnings for the preceding year. Last year, too, co-operative stores sold to 2,500,000 families and did a business of over \$700,000,000. The addition of the business of the Producer's Co-operatives will put this figure well over the billion dollar mark. In relation to the trade of the entire nation, which last year was estimated at about 140 billion dollars, this is but the widow's mite; but in the light of co-op membership this is the mite of millions.

These facts and figures—straws in the wind—only point the general direction in which co-operatives are moving and give some indication of the extent of this movement. A close study of isolated examples will put the picture in sharper focus.

The most sensational and fastest moving of these developments is that of the oil co-operatives. As late as 1937 a North Kansas City firm became the

first co-op to operate an oil refinery with the purchase of a plant in Phillipsburg, Kansas. Of its 125,000 members invited to the inaugural ceremonies 25,000 attended. Recently this same co-op paid five million dollars for its third refinery. This time the members did not come around for the opening. The North Kansas City Co-operative began slowly in 1929 when five small consumer's co-ops pooled their money and interests and began wholesaling their goods. Realizing that their plan worked, the members voted to expand, taking over an oil-compounding plant, then the manufacture of paint, grease, and cleansing fluid. Now with three refineries and some oil wells this co-op moves into the oil business.

Business Week for March 18, 1944, reported that there were ten oil refining plants then being operated by co-ops. Since that time there are scattered accounts of other plants being taken over. In a gradual progress this is the last step; and with it the small consumer has finally attained some control over the fuel problem. The fight began in Cottonwood, Minnesota, in 1921. Perhaps you cannot remember after World War I when gasoline was selling at 28 cents a gallon. But the older residents in Cottonwood can, and they will tell you how proud they were when the first carload of gasoline, bought on the co-op principle, rolled into town. They sold this gas at a normal price with just enough profit to give them some capital. Moreover they will tell you how the co-op idea caught on at Hanley Falls and then fanned out to the surrounding countryside, and how five years later, 1926, a wholesaling unit was set up. Today, they point out that the gasoline wholesale department is but one unit of the Midland Co-op Wholesale of Minneapolis. Cottonwood's citizens, then, feel that they have done a real service to themselves, their community and America.

In this oil game the consumers have something. They have worked backwards it is true, but now they own a faucet, a hose and a sprinkler in the oil industry. They began with the retailing stations, worked back through the wholesaling departments and the refining units to the oil wells. These co-operators, then, find themselves in the unique position of being both producers and consumers in

their own industry. Truly an enviable spot! Having thus really inherited one of the most precious resources of their country, they can show a saving of one cent a gallon in retailing gasoline, one fourth of a cent on a gallon in wholesaling, and two and a half cents on a gallon in refining and producing. All this may sound like small change but this turnover prompted the assistant secretary of the Co-operative League, Wallace J. Campbell, to say: "If the whole production-distribution system in the oil industry could be tied together, the cost of gasoline and oil to the consumer could be cut terrifically." The *New York Post* (May 27, 1944) provides the human interest in this drama with the comment: "And that's what Standard Oil of N.J., according to informed sources, is watching as co-operatives go forward."

Although oil provides the headlines for the co-operative bulletins, it by no means provides the bulk of co-op business. Giving the cue to just where the co-op methods are in greatest use, the Department of Agriculture reports that in 1942-43 the farmer's purchasing co-operatives did a \$600,000,000 business. Before the present wave of social legislation when the pinch of depression was already being felt by the farmer, some of them had discovered the co-operative. Here is just one story of many that are behind that six-hundred million.

The Indiana Farm Bureau Co-operative, now a composite of eighty-nine societies, represents 75,000 people and a saving in ten years of about \$3,000,000. At present this prospering organization has its humble beginnings well in back of it. However, these origins are interesting. As with so many enterprising co-ops the Farm Bureau had its start in adversity—the difficulty of obtaining fertilizer at an equitable price. Now, as you can surmise, fertilizer is as necessary to the Indiana farmer as salt is in your kitchen. Hence when prices became unreasonable, the farmers became apprehensive. This time instead of waiting for legislation to catch up with the situation, the farmers organized a co-op buying center. Now the Tennessee Copper and Chemical Corporation had piles of slack sulphur about and this material is part of the very stuff of fertilizer. In the beginning the Corporation made the fertilizer; soon the farmers themselves had a plant. In fact shortly the farmers had three plants which represented an investment of \$300,000. Of course, it was not quite as simple as it sounds on paper, but these farmers will tell you today that the project was worth their troubles and set-backs. And, incidentally, today these Indiana farmers have such a con-

trol of the situation that their own plants set the price scale for Indiana and the surrounding territory.

Thus when the farmers saw what co-operative methods did with one commodity, they naturally applied these same methods to other common necessities. Soon in Indiana separate departments began to sell hardware and electrical equipment, chicken and feed supplies, building and construction material. Now, as was pointed out, the Indiana Farm Bureau Co-operative represents an aggregate of eighty-nine co-ops. Moreover, the Indiana Farm Bureau does not stand alone in the country. There are other large co-ops. The Eastern States Farm Exchange, for instance, is located in Springfield, Massachusetts where it buys for 90,000 families at the rate of \$26,000,000 a year.

Since the days of Shylock, small money lenders have been extorting their "pound of flesh"—along with some blood and tears. Few institutions have deprived the loan Shylocks of their easy money as have the credit unions. The credit union is a form of co-operative activity that satisfies the need of the average man to get a start in business or in life. He may want a steam cooker, a tractor, a few acres of garden land, a thousand baby chicks or, simply, a baby. Whatever his need the borrowed money must be had on easy terms and without risking bed and board, house and lot. In an institution at Madison, Wisconsin, is the answer that 2,500,000 families have given to this problem. In this city is set up the national headquarters of the Credit Unions of America, popularly known as CUNA. This association represents 9,500 credit unions throughout the country. Illinois, as a state, can boast of the largest number of these, while the largest single union is found in East Hartford, Conn., the latter being organized by employees of aviation companies. It is estimated that members of credit unions—their number practically equals the number of people connected with the entire co-operative movement—have saved about \$370,000,000 through co-operation.

Closely allied to the credit unions, at least in general purpose, is the insurance business. A few years ago while CUNA was contemplating a large office building as a tribute to its organizer and first president, Edward W. Filene, the Ohio Farm Bureau had taken over an eight story office building in downtown Columbus. Housing all forms of its co-op activities from a beauty shop to a hardware store, this building is chiefly known as the headquarters of the Farm Bureau's insurance agencies.

Here the co-operator can take out a policy on his life, his farm or his automobile. The Farm Bureau Life Insurance last year reported the buying out of the Eureka Maryland Company and the writing of \$23,500,000 in new life insurance policies. This amount makes a total of \$81,000,000 now in force. Last year the cash premiums of its fire insurance agency were worth over \$618,000. The automobile branch with forty thousand members and a coverage of \$232,000 is the fourth largest in the U.S.A.

Point and purpose are given to this assortment of facts and figures in the statement of Murray D. Lincoln, president of the Co-operative League of the U.S.A. In regard to these insurance agencies he says: "We are attempting to create our own financial structure by building our own insurance companies in which our capital will be working for us rather than against us. This will enable us to build a source of friendly credit."

The conclusion from this array of facts is obvious. Co-operatives are a part of our national life. They are operating in every form of private business, as was seen in the Indiana Farm Bureau. They have successfully cut the cost of such necessities, as fuel, light, and loans, as many citizens of

the Midwest and East will tell you. Today, too, the laboring man is beginning to use the Co-operative. Within the very shadow of the airplane and automobile empire—the Willow Run plant—workers are using the co-op to solve housing, food, baby care and recreational problems.

With the growth of membership this movement grows in significance. One thing can be said and that is that it works. Based on the solid ethical principle of the right of every man to own private property, the co-op has laid and is laying the basis for true democracy, a democracy in which the small man, the family man, by controlling industry, also controls the cost of living. And this—mark it—is the real significance and value of the Co-op: it gives the small consumer some control over the price of bread, electricity, fuel and clothing. In this way he can hope to maintain that measure of independence which is his by reason of his dignity as a human being and by which he and his family can live a full, contented life. As this war is proving the family is the bulwark of the nation; the Co-operatives by protecting the economic safety and integrity of the family are doing a great service to America and to the world.

The Girl Who Wouldn't Give Up

THE great cylinder of the iron lung concealed her stricken body. Only the young girl's head could be seen, her dark hair spread out on the pillow at one end of the respirator.

She could not move her hands or her feet. The big machine did her breathing for her. Almost completely paralyzed by polio, Jean Parker of St. Petersburg, Florida, clung firmly to the hope that she would get well.

Week after week Jean lay prostrate, gritting her teeth and telling herself over and over that she would get out—she would walk again.

Her hope was fulfilled. Jean's plucky fight against paralysis is a bright page in the story of the nationwide machinery to aid polio victims set up by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and its chapters in nearly all the 3,070 counties in the United States.

Jean won the first lap of her race with immobility in five weeks. She was able to leave the iron lung. The local Rotary club sent her to the American Legion Hospital. For seven long months physiotherapists skillfully massaged her limbs. Her young muscles, reduced to limp inertia, were coaxed back to better functioning.

Later, Jean was taken to the Warm Springs Foundation in Georgia, mecca of many infantile paralysis sufferers. She was treated in the same clear waters, flooding the pools from Georgia mountain springs, where many years earlier a man named Franklin D. Roosevelt had sought benefit in swimming.

In two and a half more months Jean could sit up. She had been provided with a supporting corset and a brace for each leg. Her days of lying on her back were over. What was more, she could go home and make up for lost time by studying as she had never studied before.

In September, 1944, Jean came to New York and enrolled at the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York. Patiently, persistently, pluckily she tried and tried again—to stand, to take slow steps, one after another, and learn tricks of body balance.

Coordination with crutches came to her after a time. It reminded her of her childhood days when she had mastered roller skating and bicycle riding.

In the spring of 1945, the year she was 19, Jean was no longer dependent upon her wheel-chair. She could stand on her feet and walk again, just as she had told herself she would.

Along with the physical training at the Institute she took a business course, preparing for secretarial work.

Last July she went back to Florida, where winter streets are clear of ice and snow, and walking is easier than in the north. The day Jean came home to 2216 26th Avenue, South, St. Petersburg, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Parker, saw her walk in over the threshold.

The job which was Jean's goal is now hers. In the lobby of the Suwannee Hotel there's a neatly-lettered sign: Public Stenographer. Equipped with note book and typewriter, Miss Jean Parker works behind a big desk—a girl who didn't give up.

Send your mite to The National Foundation for
Infantile Paralysis, Inc., 120 Broadway, New York 5, N. Y.

BROTHER MEINRAD HELPS

Enclosed is an offering in honor of Brother Meinrad that he may soon be canonized. So many wonderful favors have been granted me. I feel he is my very good friend.
E. H. W. (Ohio)

I promised Brother Meinrad a Mass to be offered for his beatification if he granted me a very special favor. The favor was granted and I am indeed grateful to him.
E. S. (Indiana)

Please say a Mass for the glorification of Brother Meinrad and publish the receipt of a favor through his intercession.
M. B. (Illinois)

Please have a Mass read in thanksgiving that Brother Meinrad helped me through two serious sick spells without hospitalization.
M. B. (Indiana)

Enclosed is an offering for a Mass in thanksgiving for a cure for my daughter through Br. Meinrad.
S. W. (Indiana)

Please accept the enclosed offering for a Mass for the glorification of Brother Meinrad in thanksgiving for favor granted.
W. M. (Indiana)

Inclosed are intentions to Brother Meinrad's novena and an offering in thanksgiving for favors received.
I. A. (Minn.)

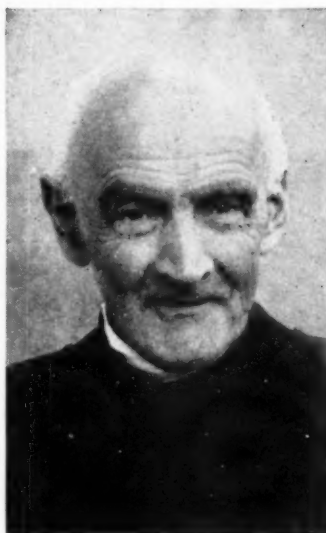
I want to thank Brother Meinrad for sale of property and for two other favors.
P. D. (Michigan)

Here is a "Thank You" to Brother Meinrad. He is always helpful.
E. B. (Oklahoma)

I promised publication if I got some favors. I got two in a few days; one of them I got in three hours.
G. P. (Wis.)

Please say a Mass in thanksgiving for a special favor granted.
S. H. F. (Indiana)

I promised a Mass and publication for a favor. Please publish my thanks in The Grail.
K. K. (Indiana)



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., was a member of Maria Einsiedeln Abbey in Switzerland. There he died in 1925 highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and THE GRAIL is the chosen organ for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be procured by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

MONTHLY NOVENA

15th to 23rd

All who wish their petitions or intentions prayed for, please send them in to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana before the 15th of the month. A Novena of Masses will be offered each month for the glorification and canonization of Brother Meinrad and for all the intentions sent in.

In order to make Brother Meinrad better known a booklet of stamps to be used on envelopes and packages can be obtained for ten cents from THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA.

I promised a dollar if Brother Meinrad would help us sell our property. He helped us, I know.
S. P. S. (Ark.)

I am sending a stipend for a Mass in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad.
M. M. (Illinois)

This is an acknowledgment for a favor received through intercession to Brother Meinrad. My request was for living quarters. Anon.

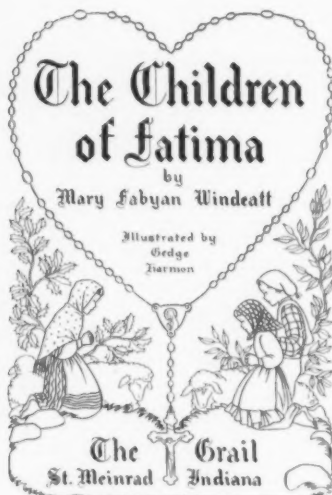
The first time I read about Brother Meinrad it was hurriedly without particular interest. The next morning I awoke saying his name out loud, over and over, not knowing what I was saying. I feel he wants me to know more about him. Already I have obtained two requests from him. M. C. (Washington); J. B. (Missouri).

I had been exposed to a contagious disease and being in a run-down condition, I feared sickness. I prayed to Brother Meinrad that I would not take the disease and my prayers were heard.
J. B. (Colorado)

I had a very bad sore throat. I could hardly swallow and was unable to talk so that I could be understood. It was getting worse, so I prayed to Brother Meinrad. The next day my throat was much better and the day after the soreness completely disappeared. W. R. (Ind.)

The favors I have received from Brother Meinrad have been almost miraculous.
L. K. (Indiana)

Other favors and offerings were sent by the following: F. H. (Iowa); T. H., (Indiana); J. D. (Illinois); R. M. (Indiana); H. L. (New York); Anon. (Indiana); M. D. (Indiana); M. M. L. (Illinois); W. K. (Illinois); A. L. (Mass.); G. M. S., (Wis.); M. M. K. (Indiana); S. K. (Illinois); N. N. (Missouri); D. A. P. (L. I., N. Y.); C. L. C. (New York); M. E. D. (Florida); A. P. B. (Wyoming); F. K. (Pennsylvania); Anon., (Indiana).



THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA



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